

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1840.

REVIEWS

SECONDARY PUNISHMENTS.

Prison Discipline in its relations to Society and Individuals: as deterring from Crime and as conducive to Personal Reformation. By the Rev. Daniel Nihill, M.A., Governor and Chaplain of the General Penitentiary, Millbank. Hatchard & Son.

THE author of this pamphlet ought to derive from his official opportunities abundant information touching both the moral and penal effects of imprisonment. The subject has latterly assumed increased importance, from the growing disposition of the legislature to abolish capital punishment; and we, therefore, invite public attention—and especially the attention of legislators—to the necessity of mature consideration and careful inquiry, on a question so deeply involving the peace and order of society.

In all countries, and especially in a populous and commercial country, there must be criminals; and if society is not to be stripped of all protection, the crafty and the violent must be held in check by some adequate penal terrors. It deserves observation, also, that indiscriminate benevolence, forgetting the atrocities of the criminals, and regarding them merely as sufferers, not only militates against public security, but endangers the special objects of its patronage, the criminals themselves. For if it be found that, in consequence of mistaken lenity, crimes increase in number and audacity, a fearful reaction will ensue; and, in one of those fitful moods to which popular opinion is prone, society, chafed with constant vexations, will turn on its spoilers, and visit the thieves, the robbers, the forgers, the swindlers, the pickpockets, the housebreakers, the manslayers, to say nothing of the murderers, with some appalling and vengeful code.

No doubt the most comprehensive and enlightened, and, we may add, economical mode in which a government could act for the protection of society, would be, to institute preventive measures; and such would manifestly consist in subdividing the most populous districts into parishes of small and manageable extent; placing them under the supervision of religious and fitting moral agents; controlling public houses, putting down the receptacles of prostitutes and thieves, erecting places of worship, opening schools for the rescue and training of the young,—adopting, in short, all such judicious methods of purification as the circumstances of those districts require. The necessity of some measures like these is but too apparent, and we greatly desire to see a noble moral experiment of this kind tried, even in a single instance. By taking up some one loathsome vicinage, and steadily applying to it such agencies as we have described, an enlightened and zealous association might demonstrate, in the altered character of the place, the expediency of extending this patriotic policy to every similar quarter. But this is a hint, merely thrown out for consideration. Our immediate concern is with the question of punishment. Whether preventive measures be taken or not, there will always be enough of criminals to render the treatment of that class an object of great public interest, both to the philanthropist and the statesman.

What species of punishment, then, is it proper to enforce? A multitude of considerations, at the very starting of this question, crowd upon the mind; such, for instance, as the terror of evil doers—the reformation of offenders—the mode of disposing of the incorrigible—the danger of contamination—the difficulty of providing

employment—the expense to the public—the proportion between crimes and their punishments—and numerous other difficulties inseparable from the details of the subject. It is not our purpose to discuss these various topics with that degree of minuteness which a regular analysis might require, but to consider some of the leading principles which appear calculated to guide the public mind to a sound view of the general question.

The cheapest mode of punishment is death. This not only saves the expense attendant on the future maintenance and custody of the criminal, but it has also the further advantage of protecting the public from his future depredations. But the laws of Draco are justly thought to have heretofore too deeply stained the English statute book. It now becomes a question with many enlightened persons, whether the life of a fellow creature ought to be taken away, even for the crime of murder. Waiving this controversy, and assuming, for the present, that such offenders will still be left subject to the extreme penalty, the question again recurs as to the mode of dealing with the numerous other classes of offenders. The pillory is abolished; flogging is considered brutalizing and degrading; transportation is full of evils, taking away all regularity from punishment, while it spreads the most baneful influence over the moral condition and prospects of the colonies. Though not yet abolished, it seems likely to be so. Well, then, imprisonment, with or without hard labour, appears to be the sole remaining penalty; if we except fines, which are always coupled with the alternative of imprisonment, and, for obvious reasons, often terminate in it.

The offences which are thus subjected to imprisonment must, of necessity, differ widely from each other in their nature, their atrocity, and in the injuries which they inflict on society. Yet, at first sight, nothing appears more simple than to preserve a just proportion in their penal consequences. All that seems necessary (assuming that the privations and discipline were uniform throughout our gaols, which is by no means the case, thus causing a great diversity in the punishment of the same crimes), is, to assign to each offence a shorter or a longer term of imprisonment, from a few hours up to incarceration for life.

With respect to those offences to which the law would annex only a short imprisonment—say, not exceeding a few months—the difficulties are less formidable. Within those limits there is no great danger of the health irretrievably breaking down, although the convicts be subjected to very coarse and unpalatable fare, to very rigid confinement, and to such a degree of solitude as admits only of the visits of the prison authorities, excluding the sufferers from the society of their fellow criminals, and from all communication with their friends. Discipline of this kind appears necessary to invest a prison with salutary terrors, and make it answer the main purpose which the law intends. Nothing can be more inconsistent than to erect prisons as the means of deterring from crime, and then to strip them of their severity by allowing such relaxations and providing such comforts as elevate the condition of the prisoner above that of the honest labourer,—a mistake far less uncommon than is supposed.

There is one great disadvantage, however, in short imprisonments: they seldom admit of any effectual reformatory process. The period is too brief to allow scope for sufficient training and education; and when the termination of suffering appears so near, the criminal is much more occupied in thoughts of returning to the accustomed career of vice, than in attending to the lessons which are designed to keep him from it. In

proportion as the shortness of imprisonment militates against reformation, the discipline ought to be severe: for if there is to be no reformation, then to deter from crime becomes the more necessary, and is indeed the sole object; and it is only so far as we can admit any prospect of reformation, that discipline should be relaxed. If, on the other hand, the hope of reformation in short imprisonments is cherished, it becomes requisite to isolate the prisoner, and take out of his way those mighty obstacles to improvement which consist in prison associations, and those indulgences which sustain his spirit, and preclude his humiliation. It would be a good regulation, tending much to the order of a prison, if the offenders were made liable to further detention in case of misconduct. The principle might be adopted, that imprisonment for a given time, meant for a given time of orderly and obedient behaviour; but, in the event of a prisoner subjecting himself to confinement in a dark cell for prison offences, the day or days thus passed should not count in his term. For the lesser offences short imprisonment might thus be made a salutary punishment.

These observations will clear our way to the far more difficult question of long imprisonment. The severities proper to be applied to short sentences are, for the most part, inapplicable here; and yet the offences to which long imprisonment is appropriated are of the more serious and aggravated character. Many of them are those for which death was formerly inflicted; most, if not all of them are still regarded as deserving the highest secondary punishment. The simple reason why the proportion between crime and punishment cannot be carried out, by continuing the same severities for a long instead of a short period, is, that such severities, when much protracted, are utterly incompatible with bodily and mental health. If, indeed, the public were prepared to affirm that persons who subject themselves to long imprisonment must take the penalty with all its consequences, the difficulty would be removed; but the public are prepared for nothing of the kind. On the contrary, if long, and at the same time severe imprisonment were extensively introduced, and it appeared, from coroners' inquests, that a considerable per-centage of deaths was the result, the public would raise a tremendous outcry, and it would be said that the only effect of the abolition of capital punishment, was, to substitute a lingering for a speedy death. It is fair to ask,—What is the meaning of the sentence? Does the law intend, under the name of long imprisonment, simple privation of liberty; or does it comprehend either slow dissolution, or else scrofula, debility, consumption, insanity, and other grievous maladies? If the latter be its intent, then the law ought to speak out, and assign these additional liabilities as part of the penalty. If it only mean the former, then remedies must be provided to ward off the natural consequences of long confinement; and, if this cannot be done, the serious question arises, whether, after all, long imprisonment be a proper and efficacious secondary punishment. The fact is, the law intends two things—sound punishment, and sound health. The former is clear, from the nature of the crimes to which long imprisonment is applied; the latter is no less clear, from the jealousy manifested touching the health of prisoners by a variety of enactments and provisions. But are the two objects compatible? Let the following considerations testify.

In the Millbank Penitentiary, the only prison in Great Britain hitherto appropriated, on any large scale, to long sentences, the per-centage of deaths does not appear to be very large; but there are, besides, far more numerous cases of pardons

on medical grounds, which imply that the patients would have died if continued in prison; and there is reason to fear that several thus pardoned do actually die soon after leaving the place. Comparisons are sometimes made between the Penitentiary and other prisons, to the disadvantage of the former, without any reference to the all-important fact of the length of the sentences. The unfairness of this comparison is made evident by a paper lately submitted to Parliament, from which it appears, that, in a given year, "there were 467 prisoners in the Penitentiary, whose terms of imprisonment amounted to three years or upwards, while in all the other prisons throughout England and Wales, there were only 76 prisoners whose terms of imprisonment were of similar duration." It is also worthy of notice, that it is generally during the second or third year of their confinement, that prisoners whose health was good at the time of their reception, become seriously ill at the Penitentiary. Were prisoners discharged from thence as soon as from other prisons, they would go out in perfect health. In America, where prison discipline is much studied, it is found that, where long imprisonment prevails, the per-centage of sickness, insanity, and death is also very great. It would, however, be a monstrous error to suppose that such consequences are the fruits of negligence, undue severity, or insufficient food. So far is this from being the case, that, in the Millbank Penitentiary, the male prisoners are allowed, per week, 25 oz. of animal food, after boiling, and without bone, 11 lb. of superior bread, 4 lb. of potatoes, 24 oz. of boiled rice, 2 oz. of cheese, 12 pints of gruel, 2 pints of broth, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ pint of excellent soup. The sole reason for providing better for convicts at the public expense than the honest labourer can provide for himself, is the necessity of such a support to sustain the health under long imprisonment. In America the food is still more ample; and to these advantages are to be added, in both countries, the most comfortable accommodations in respect to bedding, clothing, and shelter, besides the constant benefit of medical care, and an unlimited command of all suitable nourishment and appliances in time of sickness.

The necessity of supplying these comforts, together with several other alleviations, proves the difficulty of reconciling health with long imprisonment, and the extreme danger of rendering that long imprisonment, so severe as the policy of the law would require. A model prison in the neighbourhood of London is now in progress of construction upon the most approved principles, and such arrangements are indicated as imply very expensive and comfortable accommodations, with a view to maintain health. The chief privation in all the cases to which we have alluded is that of society. The motive of imposing this restraint is not so much to punish the convicts as to prevent their mutual contamination; and it is held by the advocates of the separate system to be of great importance to countervail, as far as possible, this loss by the instructions of chaplains, school-masters, and the officers immediately in charge. But, notwithstanding all the comforts and alleviations afforded, it seems contrary to the nature of things to expect that long imprisonment in cells, under almost any supposable conditions, can be reconciled with health. Even in a drawing-room, confinement for years would break down the health and spirits. Instances may, no doubt, be quoted on the other side, but the question is not what a peculiarly constituted individual may endure, but what must be the general effect. What can be more trying to the nerves than constant solitude, broken only by the occasional visits of superiors, but uncheered by the sympathy of a man's fellows? What more debilitating

to the muscles than to deprive them of the wholesome stimulus arising from a definite object in exercising them? The mere walking an hour or two, day after day, for three, four, or five years in a dull yard, surrounded by high walls, can never be an adequate substitute for that kind of muscular effort which is excited by a regular pursuit. What can be more wearisome to the spirits than work without reward? What more enervating to the mind than a life of perfect monotony? The mind powerfully affects the body, and if its own maladies do not display themselves in fatuity or madness, it is to be expected they will soon manifest their influence in the declining health of the corporeal frame.

Dr. Combe, in his work on 'The Principles of Physiology applied to the Preservation of Health,' observes incidentally, and without reference to imprisonment:—"In the great majority of situations to which man is exposed in social life, it is the continued or the reiterated application of less powerful causes, which gradually, and often imperceptibly, unless to the vigilant eye, effects the change, and ruins the constitution before danger is dreamt of; and hence, the great mass of human ailments is of slow growth and slow progress, and admits only of a slow cure." "A fit of insanity, for example, is often said to have come on without any cause, when, on minuter examination, causes can be easily traced operating through many previous months, only not of so violent a nature as to have at once upset reason; and the same will be found to hold in almost all those slow and insidious illnesses which so often baffle our best efforts." In speaking of the evils resulting from inactivity of the muscular system, he remarks:—"The principle just stated explains very obviously the weariness, debility, and injury to health which invariably follow forced confinement to one position, or to one limited variety of movement." Again, alluding to female schools:—"During the time allotted to that nominal exercise, the formal walk, the body is left almost as motionless as before, and only the legs are called into activity. The natural consequences of this treatment are debility of the body, curvature of the spine, impaired digestion, and, from the diminished tone of all the animal and vital functions, general ill health. He then shows that want of exercise is a powerful cause of scrofula, and that great suffering is inflicted on thousands by sedentary and unvaried occupations. Again, alluding to the advantage of combining mental with muscular exercise, he recommends cheerful and exhilarating exercise, such as is derived from games of dexterity, which demand the co-operation and society of companions, or some kind of manual labour in which skill and ingenuity are required, such as carpentry, turning, or gardening. This, he says, is infinitely preferable to the solemn processions which are so often substituted for exercise, and which are hurtful, inasmuch as they delude parents and teachers (we ought to add, prison disciplinarians) into the notion that they constitute in reality that which they only counterfeited and supersede. "Everybody knows how wearisome and disagreeable it is to saunter along without having some object to attain; and how listless and unprofitable a walk taken against the inclination and merely for exercise is, compared to the same exertion made in pursuit of an object on which we are intent. The difference is simply that, in the former case, the muscles are obliged to work without that full nervous impulse which nature has decreed to be essential to their healthy and energetic action; and that, in the latter, the nervous impulse is in full and harmonious operation."

"Reading aloud and recitation are more useful and invigorating muscular exercises than is

generally imagined, at least when managed with due regard to the natural powers of the individual, so as to avoid effort and fatigue. Both require the varied activity of most of the muscles of the trunk to a degree of which few are conscious, till their attention is turned to it. In forming and undulating the voice, not only the chest but the diaphragm and abdominal muscles are in constant action, and communicate to the stomach and bowels a healthy and agreeable stimulus." "To the invigorating effects of this kind of exercise, the celebrated and lamented Cuvier was in the habit of ascribing his own exemption from consumption, to which, at the time of his appointment to a Professorship, it was believed he would otherwise have fallen a sacrifice."

Now, when we consider how, under systems of long confinement, in which silence is enforced, and the exercise consists only of a dull uninteresting promenade round a prison yard, we find the most prevalent diseases to be consumption, insanity, scrofula, affections of the stomach, and general debility, produced by slow and insidious encroachments, the perusal of such a work makes us exceedingly incredulous as to the possibility of reconciling close imprisonment with health.

Perhaps the unhealthiness generally attaching to the condition of a prisoner may be thus illustrated:—There are some trades essentially pernicious, and consequently tending very much to shorten life. These are required by the artificial wants of civilized society, and persons voluntarily engage in them for the sake of a high rate of wages. Now, if any members of the community ought to be subjected to the evils and risks of these unwholesome occupations, who so proper as the unprincipled felons who fall under the ban of the law? No real injury, but a positive benefit, would be done to the voluntary operatives, by underselling and driving them out of those pernicious employments—and nothing would make so terrific an impression upon the public fears as to associate with the idea of a prison the gloomy idea of a life-shortening, unhealthy occupation. Nor let it be said that this is unfair to the felon, because he is not a voluntary agent in entering on such work. There is nothing voluntary in any part of his condition, save the crime which is the root of it. It is not his voluntary act to go into prison and suffer. The only question is, what penalty he ought to undergo; and, if the public could make up their mind to see loss of health a part of the penalty, this mode of punishment, reasoning *a priori*, would have many recommendations. But the plan would never work. Adopt such a principle, and you at once turn the gaol into an hospital. But why are not the manufactories for carrying on these unhealthy trades so many hospitals? Simply because the labourers are voluntary agents—they have the stimulus of gain—they work with good will—they have the advantage, when their labours are over, of change and variety—they refresh themselves as free men, and have the enjoyment of society. These are strong counteractives, and keep a man in a state capable of daily labour, although they do not repel gradual and insidious encroachments upon the vital powers. But the prisoner, an unwilling labourer, having no stimulus, no interest, and hating the occupation, would sink at once, and throw himself upon the surgeon's hands. The unhealthiness of his condition is shown by his utter inability to work at a trade which is carried on by other men.

It might in a great measure obviate some of the disadvantages to which a prison is subject in regard to health, if prisoners under long sentences were allowed tennis, cricket, and other

healthful games—if they were permitted to appropriate their own earnings, and either expend or accumulate the amount, and if the exhilarating influence of society and conversation were tolerated among themselves. But where then would be the punishment? It was not to this the law sentenced them, nor does it propose to put a premium upon crime. At present, even without these indulgences, serious inconveniences arise from the other alleviations which they enjoy. For example; it shocks our sense of justice to find the branded criminal enjoying far superior food and accommodation to those possessed by the labouring poor—all his wants supplied—his food purchased, cooked, and served up for him—if he suspects the slightest deficiency he can call for scales and see it weighed—if his little finger aches, he can summon the attendance of a surgeon—if his clothes are worn, they are repaired or renewed—he is visited by a clergyman, taught by a schoolmaster, instructed in a trade—supplied with books—all at free cost, with the exception of the return of his labour, which he knows to be comparatively of little worth. It is no uncommon thing for prisoners who have completed long terms under such advantages, when they come to struggle again with the world, to express how much they miss the comforts which they enjoyed in their cells. We may easily conceive that the communications they make from time to time to their friends must tend to diminish among the lower ranks the horrors of a gaol, and we have little cause to wonder either at frequent recommissions or fresh accessions to the criminal class.

Another serious objection to long imprisonment, when it is understood to involve all the accommodations essential to the health of the prisoner, is the difficulty of getting employment for him when discharged. He is too nice and too saucy to put up with the humble lot of one who has lost his character, and who is to begin from the very lowest scale; and there is scarcely any situation for which he is qualified.

A third evil, of no slight magnitude, is the vast expense entailed upon the country. Are the public at all aware to what an extent this must grow, if the numerous offences hitherto visited with death or transportation are now to be subjected to long and costly imprisonment? Let us consider, for a moment, the principle on which society may be supposed to incur such expense.

If a man rob us, we consider it hard enough to suffer, in addition to the loss of the stolen property, the expenses attendant upon his prosecution; but it would be a monstrous grievance if, in case of a successful issue, we were compelled to pay for the robber's clothing, maintenance, lodging, education, and custody for the ensuing five years. It might be said, that if we did not submit to this, we should be in danger of further depredation, both from him and from all others, who would be encouraged by his impunity. Still, we should feel that it was a most expensive mode of protection. But, in the moment of our perplexity, Society steps in. It says, This outrage is not against you alone: we take it to ourselves; and, for our own protection against this delinquent and his possible imitators, we will defray the expense which, charged against an individual, would be a hardship and an absurdity, and we only call upon you to pay your quota. We feel, of course, very thankful to society: nevertheless, the quota is objectionable. Though the amount be smaller, the principle is the same; and moreover, since society has assumed our wrong and our position in relation to the culprit, why does it not say to him as we should be entitled to do—Maintain and educate you for five years! for what? is it because you

have robbed us? So far from it, we hold that you are bound to be at the charges of your own maintenance and education, and, in addition, to reimburse us, by the produce of your labour, for the amount of which you have defrauded us. This view is so clearly equitable, that no doubt society would adopt it, if it were not for one potential reason—that the thing is impracticable. No convict labour in this country, and especially in a prison, is remunerative. If that be the case, then, as the injured individuals, we say, If we are to pay for the food and maintenance of the man who has robbed us, pray let there be no long imprisonment; and Society may perhaps be disposed, on reflection, to say the same.

But what else is to be done? Thieves must be punished; and since their labour cannot be made remunerative, and no other punishment can be tolerated, the cost of imprisonment, however unreasonable, must be endured. If no other reply can be found to this argument, still it may be said that it forms a reason for preferring short and severe imprisonment, to that which is long, indolent, and expensive—for compressing the punishment by an increase of its severity within the shortest term possible. With a year, or a year and a half, for the longest term, and with very stringent discipline, gaols would become far more terrific and efficacious, and the public purse would be considerably eased. The great difficulty would be to proportion, within such narrow limits, punishments to crimes.

Long imprisonment, however, under the expensive regulations of the Separate System, is advocated on the ground of reformation. If, indeed, so vast a benefit may be reasonably anticipated, our objections on the score of expense ought to give way. We hold no sympathy with those who repudiate all hope of reforming a criminal. Admit that instances of reformation are lamentably few, yet consider the difficulty—in Scripture it is represented by a strong figure: "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Then may ye also do good which are accustomed to do evil." But the same Scriptures afford us evidence of some who were thieves, drunkards, extortioners, and such like, yet were afterwards justified and sanctified. In proportion, indeed, to the difficulty to be surmounted should be the exertions for the purpose; and the want of adequate effort accounts for the little success which has hitherto ensued. So far, therefore, we go with the advocates of long imprisonment, as to admit the importance of seeking, even at great expense, the reformation of criminals; but that long imprisonment is likely to achieve that object, we greatly doubt. If, on the score of health, relaxations be carried to such an extent as to allow either the open and unrestrained, or, what is worse, the clandestine intercourse of fellow criminals, contamination, and not reformation, must be the result. If, on the other hand, we waive all objection to the Separate System, on the ground of the mental and bodily disease which it induces, and assume that it is carried out to such perfection as to isolate every convict for the whole period of his imprisonment, to what does it amount? What is to be expected from a man who has been shut up for five years in that artificial, dis-social state? The connexion with his former companions may, peradventure, be broken up, but how is he qualified for mingling among men, discharging his share of the social duties, encountering the trials of life, providing for his own wants, and struggling with the very adverse circumstances into which he is suddenly plunged? During his whole five years, he has had no wants but what were promptly supplied; he has seen none but persons who came to minister to him in one shape or other, and to whom he could do no reciprocal good office. Before his incarceration,

he was, like the general run of criminals, a selfish man: the routine of his daily life ever since has only tended to establish the habit, and render him a compound and concentration of selfishness. He may, undoubtedly, have often heard from the chaplain something of the theory of social obligations, but he has had no opportunity to practise them. His knowledge in this department is much on a par with that of a man who has learned to swim upon dry land. Moreover, as he fails to learn how to conduct himself in society, so does he likewise fail to qualify himself for his own support. It should never be forgotten, that an important part of the reformatory process consists in putting the convict in the way of earning an honest livelihood. Under the Separate System, you cannot teach the women household work, nor open to the men agricultural labour, masonry, and numberless other channels of employment: all you can do is to make them sempstresses, tailors, weavers, and shoe-makers, and send them out on these over-stocked trades so imperfectly taught, so soft, so unused to effort and forethought, and so accustomed to fullness and indulgence, as to be utterly incapable of turning their prison attainments to a profitable account.

We disclaim, on these grounds, any confidence in the practical efficiency of the Separate System, even under the most favourable circumstances, as applied to long terms of imprisonment. But we cannot shut our eyes to the numberless obstacles which prevent its being carried to such a degree of perfection as its theory supposes—obstacles opposed to it by the order of nature and the course of Providence. There are difficulties in constructing the edifice so as to admit light, and air both warm and cold, and yet to exclude sound; for, if sound be not excluded, the prisoners will find ways and means of communication—the very effort to outwit authority, even should it not succeed, keeping their minds in a dishonest state. There will be some prisoners,—as, for instance, the epileptic, the decrepit, the imbecile—who are unfit subjects for that mode of treatment, and undoubtedly a still greater number whose constitution cannot bear it, and whose health must gradually decline.

To provide a better system, is confessedly a matter of prodigious difficulty. It has, however, been sagaciously advised by the Archbishop of Dublin, in his 'Thoughts on Secondary Punishments,' that several different modes of management should be tried; by a comparison of which, the best may ultimately be discovered. Leaving, then, the Separate System to its proper merits, (which we hope the New Model Prison may prove to be greater than we anticipate,) we would venture to suggest a scheme of management which appears to us calculated to obviate several of the objections incident to close confinement, and more likely than that system to reconcile the ends of justice with the health of the criminals and the saving of public money: but it will be necessary to premise a few observations.

There are a great number of habitual offenders, who spend most of their time in one prison or another, the intervals being devoted to various modes of carrying on a trade in crime. Of these individuals, several, from bodily ailments real or pretended—and, in the former case, always exaggerated—contrive to escape the ordinary restrictions of prisons. No sooner are they confined, than they establish a claim to be treated as patients, and spend their time in the idleness and indulgences of the prison hospital. Some exhibit a mixture of knavery and imbecility difficult to be dealt with: the latter condition renders them scarcely fit subjects for discipline and instruction, while, from the former, they are very mischievous to society. It seems but just to the public that all these ailing persons,

after being convicted a certain number of times, should be confined for life, or until security be given for their future good behaviour. They might be placed in a prison appropriated exclusively to such offenders, and treated with such indulgence (and no more) as their peculiar circumstances require. However expensive the maintenance for life of these criminals may be, it is far cheaper than their present mode of existence, by which society suffers the cost of their depredations, the cost of their prosecutions, and the cost of their imprisonment, in regular and constant succession. It is also a species of public expense which is called for by the utter inability of many of the culprits to take care of themselves; and it would, moreover, operate powerfully, in *terrorem*, upon a considerable number of habitual depredators, who, though they care little for temporary imprisonment, would prefer honesty to incarceration for life.

While convict labour in this country is never remunerative, the manner in which it is carried on in prisons is full of evils. If it be tread-wheel labour, it is commonly thrown away—teaches no industry—attaches no value to regular employment, but the reverse: if it be manufacture, it operates unequally, the toil being far less irksome to the man whose previous occupation has been the same, than to a stranger to the craft. If, for instance, it be tailoring, how different this to the prisoner who has been a tailor, and the prisoner who has been a ploughman! Then, all the ignorant require instruction in the trade; and this is not only attended with great public expense, but, from the circumstances under which it is given, fails to make them sufficient workmen to earn a future livelihood by the occupation. The instructor has no interest in the gain, the workman has no interest in the gain; the instruction, if given separately to avoid contamination, is necessarily tedious; the learners are often too old to turn from settled habits to a new trade: all these, and similar considerations, militate against the training of good workmen and the production of good work. But the employment is not only illusory as respects the prospect of future livelihood; it is positively injurious to the honest labourer, who is under-sold by the cheap rate at which prison work is brought into competition. He has to pay for everything—the prisoners are fed, clothed, and lodged at the public cost; their work is offered at a low rate, and, by thus depriving the poor operative of bread, converts him into a thief, and brings him into the very prison which under-sold him, and where he is to help to under-sell others. This is a very important point, and, unhappily, it has not yet attracted any serious attention on the part of prison authorities. We impose duties on foreign corn, on the ground that those who pay less rent and fewer taxes would under-sell and pauperize our farmer. Suppose the labour of convicts applied to the raising of corn, which could be sold cheap, because the labourers live at the public cost; how preposterous it would be, while shutting out the cheap foreign corn, to under-sell the farmer with the corn produced by convicts, and which is cheap only because convicts live upon the taxes, which the farmer contributes to pay. Substitute tailoring, or any other prison manufacture, for corn, and will not the same principle apply?

The scheme we would suggest for managing the convict population, is based upon the foregoing considerations. Health, economy, labour, improving to the convict, without being injurious, but rather profitable to society—a condition which shall admit of private reflection, and likewise some scope for the discharge of relative and social duties—these are objects of great importance, which we propose to keep in view. Punishment, in order to deter from crime, is, at

the same time, to be provided for; but, under any system, this can only be done so far as public benevolence will permit; and we have seen how it introduces such relaxations into the close confinement system, as defeat the proposed object, presenting to public view not a system of terror, but of comfort and accommodation. It is evident, upon a little consideration, that in long imprisonment punishment cannot, consistently with public benevolence and jealousy, be carried so far as the mere object of deterrent would require. On this point, our scheme will go as far as any which the public will tolerate, while it provides for the other objects much more effectually.

It is said, that there are eight millions of acres in England, and in Ireland five millions, of unreclaimed land, all of which might be improved and made productive: why should not the able-bodied convict population be employed in cultivating these barren wastes, making roads, erecting buildings, and otherwise reducing them to the service of man? To cultivate such land by free labour would be unprofitable, but apply convict labour, and the result would be very different; for that labour is at present either utterly useless, as when thousands of men and women spend their days in grinding the air on tread-wheels,—or positively injurious, as when the cheap tailoring and shoe-making of convicts is made to under-sell and pauperize the striving workmen. Let the convicts produce everything they can for the consumption of their own establishment; that is perfectly fair, and no one has a right to complain; but let not their labour be brought into the open market, except it be at the highest rate. Ultimately, the reclaimed lands would become very valuable to the State, and would gradually afford room for the increase of population. Let each convict be employed in his proper trade so far as the demands of the establishment require, and the rest in field labour. By working in the open air, the health of the convicts would be preserved, and it would be consistent with that object to give them a much scantier and coarser diet than when they are confined for years in close cells, where their strength must be kept up by better fare, and the constant use of medicine. Each convict should have a separate cell to sleep in, and their retirement thither after the hours of labour would afford opportunity for meditation and penitence—an inestimable advantage, of which, by sleeping in common rooms, they are deprived at the hulks. There would be some difficulty in regulating the intercourse which must be permitted in their daily occupations, so as to prevent contamination, but it is much better to regulate intercourse than to abolish it. The latter, which is the expedient adopted by the Silent and Separate Systems, is artificial—at war with the nature of man and the order of Providence, and particularly objectionable for long imprisonments. Whenever it is enforced, the prisoners are always contriving means to elude observation, and thus their minds are kept in a fraudulent state. If detected, a man is made an offender for a word—perhaps a word of kindness. The more perfect the separation, the greater the tendency to shake the nerves and induce insanity. Meanwhile, there is a total denial of the proper exercise of the social affections, and the man is unfitted for anything but a life of selfishness and solitude. Now, with a view to regulate the intercourse of convicts, it should, in the first place, be considered that, as a class, they are characterized by a host of bad qualities—they are liars, thieves, covetous, sensual, selfish, artful, hypocritical, violent, and so forth. But they are still human beings, and have some relics of better feeling left. They have their hopes, their fears, their sympathies, and their compunctions. They

are susceptible, though in very different degrees, of appeals to conscience, to gratitude, and to benevolence. All the good qualities remaining we should consider as our stock in trade, our moral capital, which may be turned to account; and, while the intercourse should be so regulated as to exercise and foster every better feeling, it should likewise be so managed as to discountenance and stigmatize every bad principle. Depraved and vicious communications should be treated as offences whenever detected, and, bad as criminals are, their consciences would then go along with the discipline, instead of kicking at it, as they do when prison offences are only artificial.

When a person is sentenced to a long imprisonment, two things are proposed—that his principles shall be reformed; and that when released, he shall pursue an honest course of life. If neither of these objects be attained by limited imprisonment, however it may avail to deter others, it is, as regards the particular offender, an absurdity. Failing reformation, it only restrains him for a given time, at the end of which he returns to a criminal course. If it were right to incur the expense of imposing this temporary restraint, it seems no less so to continue it. We imprison the insane until they return to reason. Why? Because the safety of society requires it. We imprison thieves, but not until they return to honesty, although the safety of society equally requires it. How absurd it would be to imprison a bedlamite for twelve months, and then let him out raving mad upon the public. We say no,—jealous as we are of the liberty of the subject, we are no less jealous of the order of the community, and he must stay until he is cured. Upon the same principle, we ought to say to the unreformed thief: You have shown that you are not to be depended upon,—a liar and a thief you still continue,—you have lost your character, and you have no means of living but by theft when you go from hence.

Now the true way of meeting this difficulty, is not by perpetual imprisonment, which would involve prodigious cost, and to which there are many other objections; nor by accepting every man's professions and temporary conformity to prison rules as a proof of reformation, which would only encourage hypocrisy; but by placing the convicts in social circumstances which afford some trial of their industry and fitness for society, and presenting some honest resources, however humble, to the discharged.

For the reformation of their principles we would recommend in the first place the inculcation of Scriptural truth. But this is nothing new. To a great extent criminals have this advantage at present, but it is left to do its work alone, instead of being accompanied by other modes of moral training. And its effect is but little. No people can give better advice or write more religious epistles to their friends than your well-taught convicts, but they are at the same time practical strangers to integrity, industry and truth; and thus their religious knowledge often serves only to sear their consciences. It is well to have the great end set before the mind, but Providence has so ordered it that man must have many ends besides the far one. By depriving prisoners of such ends as quicken the industry, and awaken the social feelings of other men, you leave their religion for the most part as a barren theory. We would therefore classify prisoners into sections, for the purpose of exercising and developing the social feelings, under the surveillance of well chosen superintendents. To occasional solitude of a week at a time they should likewise be subjected, in order to throw them upon reflection, and to make society a boon. At other times they should work, some in trades, some in agriculture, but all in situations

free from objection on the score of health. Good conduct and industry should be animated by the prospect of certain immediate advantages, in the shape of additional food, or other moderate indulgences; and the opposite behaviour should be visited by proportionate forfeitures. At the expiration of the prisoner's sentence he should be restored to his friends, if he has any disposed to receive him. If friendless, he should be compelled to emigrate, or else placed on some portion of the reclaimed land, affording a prospect of employment and a stimulus to industry, but at the same time restricted for a season to a certain district, beyond which he should be regarded as an offender. Capt. Maconochie, in his work on the convicts in Australia, suggests voluntary associations of prisoners, (forming as it were so many joint-stock companies for good behaviour) who should be mutually responsible for each other's conduct, and might be permitted by a steady course of merit to work out their freedom in a given time; whereas the misconduct of any would throw back the whole gang, obliging them to form a new confederacy and begin again. This would, no doubt, bring the influence of prisoners to bear upon each other for good, and it may be very powerful; but whether classes should be formed in that way, or by the discrimination of the authorities, and under what modifications, is well worthy of being made the subject of experiment.

If our readers should be of opinion, that the conclusions at which we have arrived, do not exactly agree with the speculations with which we set out, we shall not be surprised. We began by expressing our apprehension of the danger likely to arise from the abolition of all other punishments save imprisonment; and we have ended by recommending what appears far less severe than close confinement in cells—we have been constrained to this as we allowed ourselves without prejudice to be led whithersoever fair reasoning would conduct us. The truth is, the supposed severity of close confinement for long sentences is extremely theoretical. It does not bear examination: that species of punishment does not co-exist with, and include unpalatable fare, and hard labour; it is sustained by many indulgences; it is monstrously expensive to the public; it is injurious to the honest labourer; it is, after all, prejudicial to the health of the criminal. It is not what the public suppose it to be. Forced by such reflections to abandon all hope of extensive beneficial results from that penalty, we have been led to cast about for some other; and if we have failed to discover one sufficiently awful to deter from crime, let the failure be ascribed to the necessity of recommending our proposition to the feelings of public benevolence. It would be of course easy to devise punishment, if punishment alone were to be thought of; but when health and reformation are to be provided for, the sole question is, what is the most rational, the most effectual, the least expensive punishment consistent with these conditions?—To that question we have applied ourselves; and we are bound to admit, that while our plan is exempt from several of the objections incident to the close confinement system, it equally fails to constitute, as regards the more heinous crimes, a sufficient terror to evil-doers. But what then?—public benevolence will not admit this. Let public benevolence then bethink itself of the consequences—let it carry its operations farther than it does; let it compassionate not only the criminals, but their victims; and if it will not throw around the latter the protection of adequate penal laws, let it do what is infinitely better, resort to the most comprehensive, wide-spreading, energetic measures in the way of purification and prevention.

THE ANNUALS FOR 1841.

THIS week the Annuals have come into full bloom. Of their artistic attractions we have spoken under the head of Fine Arts,—and of their literary contents we must report as opportunity serves, for to notice all in one week would occupy more space than we can conveniently spare. The first received, and therefore the first noticed, is *Finden's Tableaux*, to which the Editor, Miss Mitford, is, as usual, the principal contributor; assisted this year by the authors of 'Pedro of Castile,' 'Thomas à Becket,' and 'Conti,' Mr. Townsend, Mr. J. R. Chorley, and Miss Harrison. We must spare room for a few fanciful and beautiful verses from Mr. Darley's 'Harvest Home':—

Hear'st thou not, this harvest eve,
Winds of the greenwood how they weave
Their sighs into a song?
The trees find tongues—"O blissful time!
Ring out, sweet village-bells, your chime,
And swing with us along!"

Hark! how the mountain-stream doth rave,
And wave leaps headlong over wave,
Fast to the festive green,
Murmuring and making liquid brawl,
Forsooth they cannot, each and all,
Be first upon the scene!

Dreamer, wake up!—and with me his
Thither!—Thine Elin Genius, I,
Soul of thy fitful mirth!
No sprite who mid the starry spheres
Spends all his angel time in tears
Over unhappy Earth.

Up! up! seclusion is selfish sin,
When such gay rights and revels begin!
See!—bright as bubble on foam,
Swift as with velvet breast the swallow
Slides thro' the air, I'm gone!—O follow,
Follow to Harvest-home!

A spurn like a beetle's, and whirr by my cheek,
I felt from a foot and a pinion sleek;
Methought o'er the stubble two gossamer plumes
Fluttered light on to the festive ground,
Yet brushing each flower for wild perfumes,
And washing betimes in the dew-filled blooms
Their featherly points; till at length I found,
On reaching the green, whether both were bound,
Instead of an elin genius, I,
With kindling soul and ecstatic cry,
Had but followed a broad-winged butterfly
That Will-o'-the-wisp of the unbrighd day,
Which leads little fools, led me, astray;
Good genius still, were it gnat or gnomie,
Which led me to join in a Harvest-home!

Hail! hail! hail!
The berry-brown Beer and the amber Ale!
Sure healers of woe, and deep drowners of wail!
Foaming and creaming,
Flooding and streaming,
From barrel to bowl,
Fast as rivers can roll,
From bowl unto lips,
That froth whiter than ships
When they rush thro' wild ocean,
And fling off the spray:
Clamour all, and commotion,
But gamesome and gay!
Now the laugh and the shout rises higher and higher!
Old friends and young lovers draw nigher and nigher!
All of youth's supple kin
Frolie wilder than elves;
While the sages proceed, undisturbed by the din,
Thro' the story or song only heard by themselves!
Alas and alas! who, to sadden our play,
Peeps in, with her misty eyes blinking and gray,
And bids all to their pillows! Away! away!
Alas, it is Day!

Miss Mitford has never written better, with more ease and simplicity, than in the delightful paper—'Hop-Gathering'—with which the volume concludes. It has all the interest of a page out of an autobiography; and, though it exceeds our usual limits, we shall give it entire. It is a representation of English country life—refined and spiritualized, indeed, but of honest, hearty out-of-door life. How is it that the fresh and balmy air which blows over it, did not invigorate and inspire the artists?—

"Hop-Gathering."

"I do not know whether in the list of organs which figure upon the skull-maps in the system of Doctors Gall and Spurzheim, there be any which being translated (for of a verity the language of phrenology needs translation) would indicate a fondness for animals. Most assuredly, if no such propensity be therein marked, it is an important omission, and should be supplied forthwith; for that such an indication does exist most strongly in numberless individuals of both sexes, and is often developed under the most extraordinary disadvantages, is as

certain and far more frequent than the prodigies in music and painting, in language and in calculation, the Mozarts, the Correggios, the admirable Crichtons, and American boys, those wonders of learning, of science, and of art, whose lives crowd our biographical dictionaries, and whose heads (as handed down in books and portraits) form the triumph of the phrenologist. Separate from the fondness for animals generally, and more distinctive and engrossing perhaps than any other species of that very engrossing propensity, is the passion for birds. Boys are liable to it as a class; and so they say is that particular order of single women ungallantly termed old maids. It prevails a good deal in certain callings, chiefly among sedentary artisans, such as tailors, shoemakers, and hair-dressers in provincial towns. A barber in Belford Regis is amongst the most eminent fanciers of the profession, and wins all the prizes at canary-shows for twenty miles round. Also the taste is apt to run in families, descending from father to son through many generations. Ours, for instance, happens to be so distinguished. My grandfather had an extensive aviary, and was a celebrated breeder of the whole tribe of song-birds, and his brother, my grand-uncle, is even now remembered as the first importer of the nightingale into Northumberland. He had two in cages which he kept for several years, to the unspeakable delight of the neighbourhood, who used to crowd around his hospitable door to listen to their matchless note—one of the few celebrated things in the world which thoroughly deserves its reputation. My dear father is no degenerate descendant of his bird-loving progenitors. It was but the other night that he was telling me under what circumstances he first went to the play. When a little boy at a preparatory school at Hexham, a strolling company visited the town, and being about to get up 'The Padlock,' recommended, I suppose, by the fewness of the characters, and in great distress for a bullfinch, a property essential to Leonora's song,—

Say, little foolish, fluttering thing,
Whither, ah whither would you wing
Your airy flight?

the manager, having heard that he possessed a tame bullfinch, came to him to request the loan, which he granted with characteristic good humour, and received in return from the grateful manager a free admittance for the season. Fancy the pride and delight of the boy in seeing his favourite figuring upon the stage, and hearing the applause of the audience as he perched upon the prima donna's finger! This must have been considerably above seventy years ago; and (for in this respect, as well as in his general kindness, 'the boy was father to the man') the fancy has remained ever since in full force and constant exercise. There is scarcely any sort of bird that comes within the compass of moderate means which he has not possessed at one period or another. Once during the twenty years that we lived in a large country-house, with its spacious lawn, its extensive paddock, and noble piece of water, he assembled a great quantity of domestic game, if such a phrase be admissible; pretty speckled partridges—too pretty to be eaten; pheasants of all varieties, from the splendid English bird to its eastern rivals, the golden and the silver; and a large assortment of water-fowl, from the queenly swan down to the trim little Dutch teal. King Charles himself never had a more extensive collection, or took greater delight in tending and cherishing his feathered subjects. But these half-civilized savages proved attractive to two orders of miscreants,—poachers pursued them by day, and thieves by night; and, dead or alive, shot or stolen, the domesticated partridges and tame wild ducks gradually disappeared. To them succeeded all manner of curious poultry—peacocks, pied and white; together with that commoner but most gorgeous kind, who flaunts his starry train over the grass, and whose graceful vanity so becomes his stately beauty, adorned our farm-yard, accompanied by Muscovy ducks, Poland fowls, Friesland hares, crested bantams, and so forth. Then followed pigeons of all denominations—fantails, pouters, carriers, nuns, and dragons crowded our dovecote. But somehow or other our ill-luck continued. The poultry had a trick of dying, and the pigeons flew away; so that my father resolved to confine himself to the aviary, and took to breeding canaries, and had the

honour of carrying away the prize for three birds of the three orthodox kinds, jounce, pied, and mealy, from nearly two hundred competitors. Long, too long would it be to tell of all the smaller songsters, the larks, linnets, thrushes, and blackbirds, the bullfinches, goldfinches, and 'all the finches of the grove,' as well as of the owls, hawks, crows, and ravens, the birds of day and the birds of night, which have at different times occupied his attention. Suffice it to say, that in the month of August last our feathered family consisted of two nightingales, one of which had been in our possession for sixteen months, singing all day (for in a cage the nightingale only sings during daylight), with matchless strength and power, from the first of October to the last of June; a piping bullfinch, a linnet, two starlings, and the magpie whose adventures and accomplishments form the subject of this true history. Amongst our infinite variety of feathered bipeds, the class which in default of a better name I shall take leave to denominate talking-birds had been upon the whole the most distinguished. Even I, who, partly on account of the tragical termination of many of our pets, partly because I so dearly love freedom and the greenwood, that all the hemp-seed and groundsel in the world would never, I am very sure, reconcile me to a cage, do not so heartily sympathise in this taste of my dear father's as I do in most of his other pursuits—even I, albeit no bird-fancier, could not help being occasionally diverted by the saucy chattering jays, starlings, and jackdaws, which it was the especial delight of that saucy chattering diverting personage, Master Ben, our factotum (groom, gardener, page, and jester), to bring about the place. Pre-eminent over all other talking-birds, and unrivalled since the days of Vert-vert, was the magpie in question. He, for a wonder, was not of Ben's importing. Whence he came nobody knew, although the old molecatcher, who was also the parish sexton, and whom he followed for a whole hour in the twilight as he was setting his traps to catch an underground enemy that infested my pansy-beds, alternately shouting to him by his name of Peter Tomkins in one ear, and imitating the tolling of a bell in the other, insinuated to me, with a look of great horror, that 'the fewer questions were asked upon that subject the better; the creature was certainly no better than he should be. Nobody could tell for whom that bell would toll next.' And off shuffled poor Peter, fancying himself a doomed man. For certain, Mag's first appearance had been somewhat in character with the good sexton's suspicions. He had hopped down the walk and stopped opposite the glass-door of our garden-room, where we were sitting with several friends, and one amongst them happened to inquire the hour. 'What's o'clock?' reiterated Mag, in a soft, slow, distinct voice; 'Half-past four.' And upon consulting watches, and that very true time-teller, the sun, as he threw his beams upon the old dial, half-past four it was; and everybody stared at the bird, as he stood upon one leg, with his head a little on one side, looking very knowing and exceedingly ragged and dirty, as your tame magpie is apt to do. Everybody stared at the bird, and laughed, and said that it was a strange coincidence, as everybody does say, upon such occasions.

"Mag's further proceedings were in keeping with this oracular entrée. A saucy bird he was, and a mischievous, singing, whistling, sneezing, coughing, blowing his nose, laughing, crying, knocking at doors, ringing of bells, thieving, and hiding with singular dexterity. He caught up and repeated with remarkable facility all that was said, and really seemed as if he understood its purport. For instance, I one day said to him, 'Mag, if you bite my finger, I will never give you any more fruit or sugar.' And although I regularly did feed him every day with sugar and fruit, mine were the only fingers in the house that remained unbiten. He certainly, too, could apply names to their right owners. One of his great delights was to summon all the servants about him; sometimes in his own soft distinct tone—sometimes by imitating with a wonderful clearness, my voice, or his master's. 'Ben! John! Martha! Lucy! Marianne!' And when he had got them all around him, 'Go,' he would say, 'Go to —'; and when everybody was expecting something as naughty as Vert-vert would have said, after his voyage in the coche d'eau had

contaminated his manners, he would suddenly break into a laugh, and finish his sentence with 'Go to Jerusalem! Go to Jerusalem!' He never failed to call over this beardless list of names at least once a-day, and if the wrong person answered, Lucy for Marianne, or Martha for Lucy, he would stamp his little foot, and scold, and storm, and refuse to be pacified until the offender begged pardon and asked him to begin his catalogue again. Sometimes he added the dogs to the list, and the greyhounds—a simple, credulous, innocent race—readily answered to his call. Once, and but once, he took in Flush, a beautiful little brown cocking spaniel, a greater pet even than himself, and infinitely more sagacious. 'Flush!' said Mag, with an imitation of my voice that was even startling; and Flush, who was looking forward to our evening walk, threw down his bone and ran to answer the summons. 'Flush!' repeated Mag, in the same tone, with a nod and a laugh! In my life I never saw such a mixture of shame and anger as my beautiful pet's large bright eyes exhibited. Mag tried the trick again. But it failed. The perfect good faith of the gentle and faithful little creature, who, never deceiving, could not suspect deceit, had enabled the knavish bird to cheat him once; but the imposition, once detected, became, so far as Flush was concerned, altogether powerless.

"Nevertheless there was no resisting a certain degree of liking for the poor bird, whose stock of drollery—for every day he came out with something fresh—really seemed inexhaustible. He had a cage, to which, being generally fed there, he frequently retired of his own free will. One day, however, he was missing; that tongue of his was a thing to be missed, just as the near neighbours of a mill or a church-steeple would soon feel the absence of the clapper and the chimes. He had left the premises more than once before, and had led Ben and John a dance amongst all the trees and cottages of Aberleigh—appearing and disappearing—now on the ground and now on the house-top, and playing at bo-peep among the roofs and chimneys in a manner more provoking than words can tell; so that Ben, after fairly lodging his new straw hat on the branches of a pear-tree, from the topmost bough of which Mag, swinging much at his ease, had thought fit to hail him with his usual 'How d'ye do, Master Ben?' had fairly given up the chase in despair. Once, twice, thrice, had Mag eloped; but then the tricky spirit had never failed to make itself audible; and even when, upon one occasion, he had absented himself for one entire night, he had taken care to re-appear in the morning at Ben's bedroom-window with his usual tap, tap, tap, against the glass, and the grave business-like summons, 'Past six o'clock, Ben! Time to get up!'—where-with he was wont, as regularly as the clock struck, to awaken that trusty domestic. Only the Tuesday before, Mag had been absent for a longer period than common; but, directed by a singular noise of fierce and angry jabbering, something like the scolding of women in a passion, he had been discovered in a field at the bottom of the garden, engaged in a furious disputation with two wild birds of his own species, earnestly defending a bare and dirty bone, his own property doubtless, from the incursions of these intruders. That Mag had fought with other weapons than his tongue, and been worsted—that he was very glad when our approach frightened away his opponents—was quite plain; but they being gone, he gladly followed us home in the opposite direction, and had, up to this unfortunate Friday (for it was upon this day of ill-luck that we missed our poor bird), conducted himself with a degree of prudence and discretion that showed him to have taken warning by his contest and discomfiture. On that Friday, however, he was missing from noon to night; the next morning dawned—six o'clock struck—but no magpie tapped at the window to call Ben; he was neither in the house nor the garden, on the trees or the chimneys. That the poor bird was lost seemed indisputable; and so strong was the general impression of his attachment to us, and of his sagacity, that we were pretty generally convinced that he must have been stolen. Who might be the thief was not so easy to determine. Aberleigh is situated upon a well-frequented road leading from one great town to another, and our cottage stands in the centre of the village street. Moreover, holding a sort of middle station between the gentry, to whom we belong by

birth, and habits, and old associations, and the country-people, almost our equals in fortune, who all resort to my dear father for advice and assistance in their little difficulties, there is scarcely a person within ten miles who does not occasionally pay a visit to our habitation. Then Ben's acquaintance! gardeners, gamekeepers, cricketers, grooms! Ben knows the whole county. And although it would be rather too affronting to suspect one's friends and acquaintances of thievery, yet they amongst whom the magpie was deservedly popular had of course contributed to diffuse his reputation.

"On that unlucky Friday, too, we had had even more visitors than common. Two or three sets of people had come from London by railway; five or six neighbouring families had called; the couraging-season was coming on, and two or three brace of greyhounds had been brought by their respective owners to be compared with our dogs; a flower-show was approaching, and half-a-dozen gardeners had been backward and forward amongst zinnias and dahlias; a cricket-match was pending, and the greater part of the two elevens had come to arrange the day and the hour; one constable had arrived for orders to send off an encampment of gipsies who had established themselves in Woodcock-lane, and another had come for a warrant to take up a party of vagrants caught in the fact of poaching, and suspected of sheep-stealing at Hinton-Down. Who was the thief was still a mystery! But when day after day passed over, and no tidings arrived of our bird, that he was stolen became the firm conviction of our whole family. Sorry, however, as we were for the merry, saucy, little creature, whose spirit of enjoyment and activity of intellect seemed so disproportioned to his diminutive form and low rank in the scale of living beings, still the recollection began to wear away; and when at the expiration of a week we sallied forth to partake of a déjeuner in the beautiful grounds of Aberleigh Great House, our domestic calamity was, to say the truth, pretty nearly forgotten. Never was a more delightful little party than assembled by the side of the clear brimming Loddon on a glorious afternoon near the end of August. The day was so sultry that the tables were laid under some magnificent elms upon the lawn, forming with its adjuncts of picturesque architecture, of exquisite scenery, of lovely young women and thrice lovely children, a picture of gay and courtly elegance worthy of Watteau. The déjeuner, however, sumptuous and luxurious as it was, formed by no means the chief attraction of the day. Under the long lofty terrace, crowned with old firs and lime trees, which forms the boundary of Aberleigh Park, the Loddon, spreading for nearly a mile into an almost lake-like expanse, rivals the Thames in consequence, whilst it far surpasses it in beauty; and then, narrowing as it is spanned by the low arches of the bridge, glides along amongst quiet water-meadows with a pastoral seclusion and tranquillity which would have enchanted Izaak Walton. A row up this bright river was the express intention of the party; and, accordingly, the grand question of oars or skulls being decided, water bailed out, rowlocks and thowls examined, we set forth in three as pretty skiffs as may be seen between Battersea and Putney Bridge; ourselves as merry and happy a set of people as are often assembled in this work-a-day world.

"Some were sailors—one especially, most worthy of that honoured name, which is the synonym of all that is frank and kind and true-hearted in man; and one, who by some mistake in destiny is not really a sailor, but who possesses all the attributes and almost the skill—some were sailors, some were soldiers, some gentlemen at large: but the charm of the party was felt to be the freight of one of the boats, consisting of four lovely young women singing like nightingales, and, as it seemed, from the same impulse of a full and joyous heart, who went backward and forward upon the water, spreading abroad melody, as the sun diffuses light or the roses their perfume. That craft was naturally looked to as the one from which we should derive most pleasure, but we hardly on embarking anticipated the kind of amusement which it was destined to afford. It so happened that one of their rowers was accidentally detained, and another compelled to take the management of the boat containing the children, so that our pretty songstresses fell to the charge of one solitary

boatman, who, taking care that no real harm should befall them, seemed to find some diversion in plunging them and himself into small difficulties; and, the rudder being unshipped, they, so to say, staggered about upon the water as if the boat were tipsy; now running aground upon an island, now taking a snag (to borrow a phrase current upon the Mississippi); now caught (by veil and bonnet) in the bushes upon one bank, now entangled in the sedges upon the other, until the sirens of the Loddon, half-frightened and half-amused, mixed screams and squalls with the sweet strains of the Canadian boat-song, and shrieks of laughter with 'A boat, a boat unto the ferry.'

"After shooting the bridge, matters grew worse. They had sailed from harbour so long before our boat, that we had hitherto only looked and laughed at the strange tacks, voluntary and involuntary, which their skiff had taken. But now, gallantly manned and ably steered, we shot ahead of them, drowning 'O Pescator dell' onde' by such a torrent of river wit as shall not be exceeded from Gravesend to Kew. At last, when, amid laughing and singing, and quiet enjoyment, the mists were rising in the meadows, and the moon looking down into that bright mirror the still smooth stream, we took our fair damsels in tow, and prepared to return homeward. Looking up as we were about to shoot the centre arch of the bridge, I saw a strange vagabondizing gipsy sort of light cart, that looked as if it had never paid any duty, passing above it; and while our mermaids were singing, with a delightful unity of their young voices,

Off in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's charm has—

'bound me,' they would have added, but that charm was broken by a well-known voice from above, which pronounced with startling distinctness, 'Go, go, go, to Jerusalem!' Was it my magpie, or was it his wraith? Of course, by night, a good mile from our landing-place, and then a mile back again to the bridge, all search or inquiry was hopeless. I told the story when I got home, and found the whole village divided in opinion. Some thought with me that the gipsies had hold of him; some with my father that he had been stolen by the more regular thieves; some thought that it was a trick; some that it was a mistake; and some held with Peter Tomkins that the magpie was no magpie after all, but an incarnation of the Evil One in black and white plumage. Again was poor Mag forgotten, as one bright September morning we set forth towards Farnham, a pretty old-fashioned town overlooked by the bishop's palace, with its stately trees and extensive park, and famous for its hop-gardens, and for Mr. Garth's geraniums, where in one small greenhouse he rivals in splendour, although not in extent, Mr. Foster's exquisite collection, and equals him in hospitality and kindness. It is something remarkable, I think, something pleasant as well as remarkable, and peculiar to our age and country, that two English gentlemen should surpass, by the mere effect of taste and skill, the efforts of the working gardeners, whose livelihood depends upon their flowers, with the strong stimulus of the desire of gain on the one hand, and the enormous resources of wealth as lavished in the greenhouses of our great noblemen on the other. To raise a magnificent geranium is to increase and multiply beauty, and to strengthen and diffuse the feeling of the beautiful in this work-a-day world. Art herself does little more.—The road from Aberleigh to Farnham passes through very pretty and very interesting scenery. We leave Stratfieldsaye and Slchester, emblems of the present and the past, to the right; and Sir John Cope's magnificent old mansion of Bramshill, and the parsonage at Heckfield, where Mrs. Trollope passed her early days, to the left. Then we pass through a succession of wild woodland country to the little town of Odiham; plunging again into forest-like glades, until we cross a high, barren, heathy ridge called the Hog's Back, the view from the top of which forms a superb and extensive panorama. Descending this long, steep, and lofty hill, we find ourselves once more amidst cultivation; quaint old-fashioned villages sunk deep in the valley, and patches of hop-gardens intersecting the fields. The hop-gatherers were busy in taking down and stripping the long poles, the English vintage; and the vines hung like garlands in rich wreaths of leaves and flowers intertwined one with

another, and diffusing around the bitter racy aroma of the fragrant plant, dear to the lovers of mighty ale. A pretty scene it was and a stirring. We stopped the carriage at the gate, to view it more closely, and listen to the gay jests and merriment of the many groups collected in the ground. There is something contagious in real hearty mirth, and Ben, our driver, without knowing why, joined in the laugh. Apparently his peculiar laughter was recognized; for in a moment we heard from the other side of the gate, 'Ben! how d'ye do, Ben? Glad to see you, Master Ben! Go to Jerusalem!' In Mag's most triumphant tones; and this time we did not hear in vain. We recovered our bird; and here he is at this moment, happiest, sauciest, and most sagacious of magpies."

The Chinese. A General Description of China and its Inhabitants. By John Francis Davis, Esq. F.R.S. Knight.

WHEN the first edition of this work appeared, in 1836, we pointed out its merits (see *Athen.* No. 444), never suspecting that circumstances could arise which would give it claims on our further notice. Mr. Davis is one of the few qualified by a long residence in China, and by a knowledge of the language and literature of that country, to pronounce authoritatively on the character of its inhabitants. His official experience also (for he was for some time Chief Commissioner at Canton) must have made him intimately acquainted with all the circumstances of our intercourse with that country, and, united with his other advantages, ought to add great weight to his opinion on the best means of maintaining and improving that intercourse at the present critical juncture.

In this new edition, the history of our disputes with the Chinese, arising out of the contraband trade in opium, is brought down to the commencement of hostilities. It is written in a spirit of moderation and general fairness, and shows much good feeling towards those on whom rested the onerous responsibility connected with the management of our affairs in Canton at that crisis. Yet Mr. Davis cannot completely hide the bias of one bred up under a monopoly, and interested in its continuance. Although temperate in his censure, he is remarkably quick-sighted in tracing every mischief to the Free-trade system. He points out instances of neglect on the part of the British government; but he forgets that no activity or vigilance of the central authority can fully remedy the want of cheerfulness in its agents. No new system of policy can work well, while those charged with carrying it into effect rejoice at its failure. The force of his strictures lies mainly in that vivid simplicity of argument, which is so easily attained by those who look at only one side of a question. The old charter of the East India Company had certainly power to check some of the evils which have grown so insupportable since its expiration. But that it was capable of suppressing the contraband trade on the coasts of China, which has increased with uniform rapidity since 1822, is extremely problematical; and it is quite possible, that like many a celebrated worthy, it died very seasonably for its reputation. At all events, to prevent illicit trade by fettering commercial enterprise altogether, is about as wise as if a man were to dose himself for the sake of repose, with narcotics which deprived him of all vigour.

The question, however, which we had hoped to find discussed in our author's pages, is one on which he is qualified to be an equally impartial and intelligent witness. It is this; in what state are the elements of revolution in China? We desire to know whether there is any widely diffused discontent among the subjects of the Celestial Empire; whether there is any party in it bent on a change of policy towards foreigners;

and whether the political organization of that country be such, that the machinery of government would move as well under the guidance of a European Viceroy as under that of the imperial Taou Kuáng himself. With respect to the rumoured discontent, our author does not estimate himself in such a way as to enable us to estimate its importance. He mentions the secret societies of the Chinese, which have for object the expulsion of the Manchow dynasty; but he says nothing calculated to shake our belief that the Tatar emperors have little cause to apprehend an insurrection against their authority, unless their throne should be occupied by some weak tyrant. Historic names, and ancient distinctions, may have their influence on a few enthusiastic spirits, but in the estimation of the bulk of mankind, possession for a century constitutes a good title.

As to the possibility of transferring the reins of government in China to European hands, we believe that no speculation can be more chimerical. Mild and courteous as the Chinese seem to strangers, their national pride is unconquerable. Mr. Davis, adopting incautiously, we suspect, a vulgar opinion, says that the Chinese government takes pains to inspire the people with a hatred and contempt of strangers. But when we consider the fundamental principles of law and morals in China, we cannot avoid concluding that the dislike of foreigners is in that country natural and inevitable. The Chinese, as Mr. Davis remarks, are all Conservatives; that is to say, they have an inbred, invincible dislike to every principle and fashion but their own. In a social polity, where the authority of the magistrate is modelled on that of the parent, where marriage is enjoined, and the ties of kindred strengthened by law; where the peaceable movement of a dense population is secured by a minute code of manners, and where a bare impropriety of carriage, if it leads to troublesome consequences, may be punished as an offence, a foreigner unversed in ceremonial, and without domestic ties, cannot fail to be looked upon as a nuisance, or at least as an object of mistrust. We have no doubt that in China, more than in any nation on the earth, the bias of the people agrees with that of the government; and the vilification of foreigners, therefore, by the Chinese authorities, we hold to be an indication of the public feeling.

We have before us a MS. journal of the voyage of the *Sylph* along the coast of China, in 1832-3, and we find in it the following passage, curiously illustrative of what we have just said: "We wonder what the Chinese Admiral will say when he finds that we overhauled his despatches." The Chinese Admiral, judging of the conduct of the English adventurers by the scale of manners current in his own country, must have considered them barbarians and robbers. We may observe, that twice in the course of that expedition, of which Gutzlaff has given an account, suppressing all discreditable proceedings, the English scaled the walls of towns (viz. Hang Hai and Shee Poo) the gates of which had been closed against them. "Finding the gates of the city (Hang Hai) closed," says the journal, "we climbed over the walls, much to the amusement of the populace, who must think us an odd sort of people." The Mandarins, with an armed force, were present at the escalade, but shrunk from the forcible prevention of it, owing to the fearful responsibility which any loss of life entails on the Chinese magistrate. Any one who has the least knowledge of Chinese laws and manners, must be aware that freaks of the kind here related, are much more serious affairs in China than in Europe, since they strike at once at those habits of order and subordination which there constitute the whole framework of society. And it is also obvious, that however they might

amuse the mob, the great body of the Chinese nation, who all imbibe with their education the same principles, will unanimously condemn them.

Hang Hai, the town just mentioned, is situate about half way between the island of Chusan and the mouth of the Tse Kiang, or great river of Nankin. The river of Hang Hai, at the time of the *Sylph's* visit, contained between two and three thousand junks, many of them of great size, so that in the quantity of its shipping it is perhaps hardly inferior to even the Thames. We should not be surprised if the armed expedition, which has sailed northward from Canton, and is supposed to have in view the occupation of Chusan, were to pay a visit to Hang Hai, and to 'Cha Poo, which is one of the ports trading with Japan. The most vulnerable part of the Celestial Empire certainly lies between Chusan and the mouth of the great river. In that part is found an immense commerce, inadequately protected in case of an attack by Europeans, and an easy access to the imperial canal, the great conduit of Chinese industry.

It has been surmised that the expedition just alluded to has for object the Pei Ho and city of Peking. But we can hardly suppose so impolitic a course to be adopted, as to sail to the further end of the coast of China, for the sake of attacking the empire where it is strongest, and where the chances of failure are on every account greatest. The dangers of a shallow sea and of the effects of a northern climate on Lascars, are not to be made light of. Some of our readers may be surprised at our calling the climate of Peking, in the same latitude as Madrid, a northern one. Yet the winters of Peking are like those of Tobolsk, and even on the great Chusan island, in the latitude of Madeira, the hills of moderate elevation are covered with snow during the winter. Spring and winter seem there to go together in harmony; while the fields are still covered with snow, the tall hedges dividing them put forth their new leaves, and the crops of peas and beans blossom in the gardens on the sea side. Chusan, if it has a good harbour, which we much doubt, would certainly be a very desirable possession. It must be here observed that this island is placed about half a degree too far north in all our maps, even those published recently, and pretending to be founded on authentic information. The latitude of Sinka Moon, on the south side of Chusan, is 29° 58' N. The little island of Pow too, lying off the eastern side of Chusan, appears to have been the original of the wonderful island of Calempluy, mentioned in the narrative of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, where he and his companions robbed the Tombs of the Kings. Pow too is covered with temples, some of which exceed in size and magnificence those of Canton. They have gilt roofs, and are adorned with handsome carving. There is no cultivation on the island, which is divided by broad paved roads and hedges of bamboo eight feet high. It is inhabited by about 2,000 priests, with a few labourers, but no females. Our MS. journal says, "the more one sees of this island the more it seems like enchantment. The temples are splendid beyond description. The place is altogether very grand, and cannot be easily described. It brings to mind the tales of the Arabian Nights."

We entirely concur in Mr. Davis's remark, that the Chinese are generally underrated. In the domestic and social aspects, they are as civilized as Europeans, but their civilization is different from ours, and contains something which we want. Our readers will do well to consider attentively what our author says respecting the general education and cheerful industry of a nation numbering at least 300 millions of souls, or nearly one-third of the human species, who

acknowledge no distinction but that of talent and education; and who retain, under an absolute government, the liberty of the press and right of holding public meetings. Europeans and Chinese might be both improved by a little intermixture, and we sincerely hope that such may be the final result of the differences which at present wear so warlike an appearance. If the menace held out by a British armed force in the ports of the Celestial Empire, shall have the effect of abolishing the excessive duties on foreign goods, and the arbitrary exactions of Mandarins of low rank, which have hitherto marred to such a degree our peaceable commerce with that country, we shall have no cause to regret the cost of the expedition.

The Clockmaker; or the Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick, of Slickville. Third Series.

(Second Notice.)

In this volume we are, for the first time, introduced to a Western man: a raw-boned, six-foot, ringtailed rover, as Sam describes him, all made up of fox-traps, and as springy as a saplin-ash. The contrast between the shrewd, scheming, speculating Yankee, and the fiery Western, with their different dialects, may amuse the reader. Wolfe is now a free trader, but was formerly in the African trade "dealin' in niggers":—

"All at once he recollected my phiz, and jumpin' up and catchin' hold of my hand, which he squeezed as if it was in a vice, he roared out.—Why it ain't possible! said he. Lawful heart alive, if that ain't you! * * Come, let's liquor; I want to wet up; the sight of an old friend warms my heart so, it makes my lips dry. What will you have? cocktail, sling, julip, sherry cobbler, purt talabogus, clear sheer, or switchell? name your drink, my man, and let's have a gum tickler, for old acquaintance, somethin' that will go down the throat like a greased patch down a smooth rifle. Well, says I, I am no ways pitikilar; suppose we have brandy cocktail, it's 'bout as good a nightcap as I know on. Done, said he, with a friendly tap on my shoulder that nearly dislocated my neck; I like a man that knows his own mind. * * I'll go and speak for it to one of the gentlemen to the bar.—With that he swigged his way thro' the crowd, to the counter, and, says he, Major, says he, I guess you may let one of your aidy-conks bring us a pint of cocktail, but let it be letter A, No. 1, and strong enough to loosen the hinges of a feller's tongue.—Well, we sot down and chatted away till we finished our liquor, and now, says he, Slick, answer me a few questions, that's a good feller, for I am a free-trader now. I have got a most an angeliferous craft, a rael screemer, and I'm the man that sez it. The way she walks her chalks ain't no matter. She is a regular fore-and-after. When I hoist the fore-sail she is mad, and when I run up the mainsail she goes ravin' distracted. I can beat her up the harbour, when there is rips, raps, and rainbows under her bow; ay, walk her like a lady right into the wind's eye. Chips! chips! and they know it a-bed. Heavens and airth! just lookin' at her will take away the breath from them white-livered, catfish-mouthed, dipt-candle lookin' scoundrels the Brunswickers. She goes right on eend like a rampin' alligator. She'll go so quick she'll draw their wind out: go ahead! cock-a-doodle-doo! And he crowed like a rael live rooster.—Go ahead, steam-boat—cock-a-doodle-doo! and he smashed my hat in, most ridiculous over my eyes, a-flappin' so with his hands, like wings."

"But come, said he, that cocktail and your news is considerable excitin', and has whetted my appetite properly; I guess I'll order supper. What shall it be, corn bread and common doin's, or wheat bread and chicken fixin's? But we must fust play for it. What do you say to a game at all-fours, blind-hokey, odd and even, wild cat and 'coon, or somethin' or another, jist to pass time? Come, I'll size your pile.—Size my pile! says I, why, what the plague is that? I never heard tell of that sayin' afore.—Why, says he, shell out, and plank down a pile of dollars or doubloons, of any size you like, and I'll put down another of the same size. Come, what do you say?—No, I thank you, says I, I never play.—Will you wrestle, then? said he; and whose ever throw'd

pays the shot for supper.—No, says I, since I broke my leg a-ridin' a cussed Blue-nose hoss, I hante strength enough for that. Well, then, we are near about of a height, says he, I estimate, let's chalk on the wall, and whoever chalks lowest liquidates the bill.—If it warn't for the plaguy rheumatiz I caught once to Nova-Scotia, says I, a-sleepin' in a bed the night arter a damp gall lodged there, I think I would give you a trial, says I; but the very thoughts of that foggy heifer gives me the cramp. I jist said that to make him larf, for I seed he was a-gettin' his steam up rather faster than was safe, and that he could jist double me up like a spare shirt if he liked, for nothin' will take the wiry edge of a man's temper off like a joke: he fairly roared out, it tickled him so.—Well, says he, I like that idea of the damp girl; it's capital that: it's a Jerusalem bright thought. I'll air my wife, Miss Wolfe, before the fire to-night. I'll heat her red-hot, till she scorches the sheets. Lord! how she'll kick and squeal when I spread her out on the close-horse. She never hollers unless she's hurt, does Miss Wolfe, for she is a lady every inch of her, and a credit to her brought-up. But, stop, said he, it's no use a-sittin' here as still as two rotten stumps in a fog. I'll tell you what we'll do; here's two oranges, do you take one, and I'll take the other, and let us take a shy among them glasses to the bar there, and knock some o' them to darned shivers, and whoever breaks the fewest shall pay for the smash and the supper too. Come, are you ready, my old con? let's drive blue-blazes thro' 'em.—No, says I, I'd be sure to lose, for I am the poorest shot in the world.—Poorest shote, said he, you mean, for you have no soul in you. I believe you have fed on pumpkins so long in Conne'ticut, you are jist about as soft, and as holler, and good-for-nothin', as they be: what ails you? You hante got no soul in you, man, at all. This won't do: we must have a throw for it. I don't vally the money a cent; it ain't that, but I like to spikilate in all things. I'll tell you what we'll do,—let's spit for it; and he drew his chair up even with mine. Now says he, bring your head back in a line with the top rail, and let go; and whoever spits furthest without spatterin' wins.—Well, says I, you'll laugh when I tell you, I dare say, but I've gin up spittin' since I went down to Nova Scotia; I have, upon my soul, for nothin' riles them Blue-noses more. Spittin' would spile a trade there as quick as thunder does milk. I'm out of practice.—Well, then, what the plague will you do? said he.—Why, says I, a-takin' up the candle, and a-yawnin' so wide and so deep you could hear the watch tickin' thro' my mouth, I guess I'll go to bed."

We now approach Slickville, the native town of the Clockmaker; and a little natural impatience begins to manifest itself:—

"He urged on old Clay to the top of his speed, who, notwithstanding all the care bestowed upon him, and the occasional aid of a steam-boat whenever there was one running in the direction of our route, looked much thinner for this prodigious journey than when we left Halifax. Come, old Tee-total, said he, you are a-goin' home now, and no mistake. Hold up your old oatmill, and see if you can snuff the stable at minister's, if the smell of these inion fields don't pyson your nose. Show the folks you hante forgot how to go. The weather, squire, you see, has been considerable juicy here lately, and to judge by the mud some smart grists of rain has fell, which has made the roads soapy and violent slippery; but if he can't trot he can slide, you'll find, and if he can't slide he can skate, and if he breaks through he can swim, but he can go somehow or another, or somehow else. He is all sorts of a hoss, and the best live one that ever cut dirt this side of the big pond, or t'other side other; and if any man will show me a hoss that can keep it up as he has done in the wild wicked trot clean away from Kent's Lodge, in Nova Scotia, to Slickville, Conne'ticut, and eend it with such a pace as that are, I'll give him old Clay for nothin', as a span for him. Go it, you old con you—go it! and make tracks like dry dust in a thunder storm. There now, that's it, I guess! hit or miss, right or wrong, tit or no tit, that's the tatur! O squire, he is a hoss, is old Clay, every inch of him! Start him agin for five hundred miles, and you'll find he is jist the boy that *can* do it. If you want to see another beast like him in this world, put your spectacles on, and look as sharp as you darn please, for I reckon he is too

far off to see with the naked eye, at least I could never see him yet."

Sam was of course soon recognized and heartily welcomed: so that the last mile, as he says, "tho' the shortest of the whole bilin', took the longest to do it in by a jug full." But we must introduce the reader, without further delay, to the "old minister," Mr. Hopewell, and his sister Hetty. The meeting was somewhat touching; but Sam soon recovered his natural spirits, and the appearance of Aunt Hetty set his tongue loose:—

"Is that aunt Hetty, sir? said he, addressing himself to 'the minister' with much gravity.—Why yes, Sam, to be sure it is. Is she so much altered that you do not know her? Ah, me! we are both altered—both older than we were, and sadder too, Sam, since you left us.—Altered! I guess she is, said Mr. Slick; I wouldn't a-knowned her nowhere. Why, aunt Hetty! how do you do? What on airth have you done with yourself to look so young? Why, you look ten years younger?—Well, if that don't pass! Well, you ain't altered then, Sam, said she, shaking him heartily by the hand, not one mite or morsel; you are 'jest as full of nonsense as ever; do behave, now, that's a good feller. * * Sam then, lowering his voice, said, Brought you a beau, aunty,—that's the squire, there,—ain't he a beauty without paint, that? The servant maid stole his stays last night, but when he has 'em on, he ain't a bad figure, I tell you. The only thing against your takings such a fat figure, is, that you'd have to lace them stays every mornin' for him, and that's no joke, is it?—Now, Sam, said she, (colouring at the very idea of a gentleman's toilet,) do behave, that's a dear! The intire stranger will hear you, I am sure he will, and it will make me feel kinder foolish to have you runnin' on that way: ha' done, now, that's a dear!—Set your cap for him, aunty, he said, without heeding her; he is a Blue-nose to be sure, but rub a silver-skinned inion on it, and it will draw out the colour, and make him look like a Christian. He is as soft as dough, that chap, and your eyes are so keen they will cut right into him, like a carvin'-knife into a punkin' pie. Lord, he'll never know he has lost his heart, till he puts his ear to it like a watch, and finds it's done tickin'. Give me your preservatives, tho', aunty, when you marry; your quinces, and damsons, and jellies, and what not, for you won't want them no more. Nothin' ever tastes sweet arter lips. O, dear! one smack o' them is worth— Do get along, said Miss Hetty, extricating, at last, her hand from his, and effecting her escape to her brother."

Dinner followed, and the "old minister" talks as old people very often do, much however to the delight of Sam, who during his temporary absence could not restrain his affectionate admiration:—

"Ain't he a'most a-beautiful talker, that, squire? There is nothin' he don't know. He is just a walkin' dictionary. He not only knows how to spell every word, but he knows its meanin', and its root as he calls it, and what nation made it first. He knows Hebrew better nor any Jew you ever see, for he knows it so well he can read it backward. He says it's the right way; but that's only his modesty, for I've tried English backward and I can't make no hand of it. Oh! he'd wear a slate out in no time, he writes so much on things he thinks on."

Now comes leave-taking:—

"Mr. Slick, to prevent the formality of bidding adieu, commenced a rhodomontade conversation with aunt Hetty. As soon as we rose from the breakfast-table, he led her to one of the windows, and said, with a solemnity that was quite ludicrous,—He is very ill, very ill indeed; he looks as sick as death in the primer: I guess it's gone goose with him. Who is ill? said aunt Hetty, in great alarm.—He is up a tree; his flint is fixed, you may depend.—Who, Sam? tell me, dear, who it is.—And he so far from home; ain't it horrid? and pysoned, too, and that in minister's house.—Lord, Sam, how you frighten a body! who is pysoned?—The squire, aunty; don't you see how pale he looks.—Pysoned! Lawful heart alive, how could he be pysoned? O Sam! I'll tell you: I've got it now. How stupid it was of me not to ask him if he could eat them; it's them preserved strawberries,—yes, yes, it's the strawberries. * *

Oh! it tante them, it's love: you've killed him.—Me, Sam! why how you talk! what on airth do you mean?—Oh! you've done the job for him: he told me so himself. Says he, Mr. Slick, (for he always calls me Mr., he is so formal,) says he, Mr. Slick, you may talk of lovely women, but I know a gall that is a heavenly splice. What eyes she has, and what feet, and what a neck, and what a— Why, Sam, the man is mad: he has taken leave of his senses.—Mad! I guess he is—ravin', distracted. Your eyes have pysoned him. He says of all the affectionate sisters and charming women he ever seed, you do beat all.—Oh! he means what I once was, Sam, for I was considered a likely gall in my day, that's a fact; but, dear o' me, only to think times is altered.—Yes; but you ain't altered; for, says he, —for a woman of her great age, aunt Hetty is— Well, he hadn't much to do, then, to talk of my advanced age, for I am not so old as all that comes to nother. He is no gentleman to talk that way, and you may tell him so.—No, I am wrong, he didn't say great age, he said great beauty: she is very unaffected.—Well, I thought he wouldn't be so rude as to remark on a lady's age.—Says he, her grey hairs suit her complexion.—Well I don't thank him for his impudence, nor you nother for repeatin' it.—No, I mean grey eyes. He said he admired the eyes: grey was his colour.—Well, I thought he wouldn't be so vulgar, for he is a very pretty man, and a very polite man too; and I don't see the blue nose you spoke of, nother.—And says he, if I could muster courage, I would propose.—But, Sam, it's so sudden. Oh, dear! I am in such a fluster, I shall faint.—I shall propose for her to— Oh! I never could on such short notice. I have nothing but black made up; and there is poor Joshua.— I should propose for her to accompany her brother.— Well, if Joshua would consent to go with us,—but, poor soul! he couldn't travel, I don't think.—To accompany her brother as far as New York, for his infirmities require a kind nurse.—Oh, dear! is that all?"

Sam, it appears, is free from a weakness which has been attributed to his countrymen; and, when the Squire hints that the Yankees boast too much, candidly admits that it may be true, and suggests a modest apology:—

"It ain't improbable we do, seein' that we have whipped the Ingians, the French, the British, the Spaniards, the Algerines, the Malays, and every created crittur a'most that dared to stand afore us, and try his hand at it. So much success is e'en a'most enough to turn folks' heads, and make 'em a little consated, ain't it?"

On the journey to New York, Sam tells the story of his father's courtship. It is a picture to the life:—

"Sam, he'd say, I have been married this day,—let me see, how many years is it? Do you recollect, Polly, dear?—Why, says mother, I can't say rightly, for I never kept a tally.—Well, says father, it's either eight or nine-and-twenty years ago, I forget which.—It's no such thing, says mother, quite snappishly; Sam is only twenty-one last Thanksgiving-day, and he was born jist nine months and one day arter we was married, so there now. (Father gives me a wink, as much as to say, that's woman now, Sam, all over, ain't it?)—Well, your mother was eighteen when we was married, and twenty-one years and nine months and one day added to that makes her near hand to fort.— Never mind what it makes, says my mother, but go on with your story.—Well, said he, this I will say, a younger-lookin' bloominer woman of her age there ain't this day in all Slickville, no, nor in Conneticut nother.—Why, Mr. Slick, says mother, layin' down her knittin' and fixin' her cap—how you talk!—Fact, upon my soul, Polly! said he; but, Sam, said he, if you'd a-seed her when I first know'd her, she was a most super-superior gall and word lookin' at, I tell you. She was a whole team and a horse to spare, a rael screamer. * * Oh! she was a rael doll! she was the dandy, that's a fact.—Well, I want to know, said mother, did you ever? a-tryin' to look cross, but as pleased as anything, and her eyes fairly twinklin' agin. Why the man is tipsy to talk that way afore the boy; do, for gracious sake! behave, or I'll go right out; and then turnin' to me and fillin' my glass, do drink, dear, says

she, you seem kinder dull.—Well, she was the only created crittur, says he, I ever seed I was darnted afore.—You got bravely over it anyhow, says mother.—Courtin' says he, Sam, is about the hardest work I know on; fightin' is nothin' to it. Facin' ball, grape, or bullet, or baganut, as we did at Bunker's Hill, is easy when a man is used to it, but facin' a woman is—it's the devil, that's the fact. When I first seed her she filled my eye chock full; her pints were all good; short back, good rate to the shoulder, neat pastern, full about the— There you go agin, says mother; I don't thank you one bit for talkin' of me as if I was a filly.—Well, I reconnoitred and reconnoitred for ever so long, a-considerin' how I was to lay siege to her,—stormin' a battery or escaladin' a redoubt is nothin' to it, I have done it fifty times.—Fifty times! says mother, lookin' arch to him, for she was kinder sorter wrathful at bein' talked of as a horse.—Well, says father, forty times at any rate.—Forty times! says mother; that's a powerful number. Well, d—n it! twenty times then, and more too.—Twenty times! said she; did our folks storm twenty batteries all together?—Why, tarnation! says father, I suppose at last you'll say I warn't at Bunker's Hill at all, or Mud Creek, or the battle atween the outposts at Peach Orchard? * * Well, as I was a-sayin', I studied every sort of way how I should begin; so at last, thinks I, a faint heart never won a fair lady; so one Sabbath-day I brushed up my regimentals and hung old Bunker by my side, and ironed out my hat an'ew, and washed the feather in milk till it looked as well as one jist boughten, and off I goes to meetin'. * * So I marches up to Polly Styles,—that was your mother that is,—mornin', says I, Miss Styles, and I gave her a salute.—Why, Slick, says she, how you talk! you never did no such a thing; jist as if I would let you salute me before all the folks that way.—I did tho' upon my soul, says father.—I'll take my Bible-oath, says mother, there is not a word of truth in it.—Why, Polly, says father, how can you say so? I brought both feet to the first position this way (and he got upon the floor and indicated), then I came to attention this way (and he stood up as stiff as a poker, he held his arms down by his side quite straight, and his head as erect as a flag-staff), then I brought up my right arm with a graceful sweep, and without bendin' the body or movin' the head the least mite or morsel in the world, I brought the back of my hand against the front of my regimental hat (and he indicated again).—Oh! says mother, that salute, indeed! I detract, I recollect you did.—That salute! says father: why what salute did you mean?—Why, says mother, colorin' up, I thought you meant that—that that never mind what I meant.—Oh, ho! says father, I take, I take; talk of a salute, and a woman can't think of anything else but a kiss.—Go on with your story, and cut it short, if you please, says mother.—Mornin' says I, Miss Styles, how do you do?—Reasonable well, I give you thanks, says she, how be you?—Considerable, says I. When that was done, the froth was gone, and the beer flat; I couldn't think of another word to say for mindin' of her, and how beautiful she was, and I walked on as silent as if I was at the head of my guard.—At last, says your mother,—Is that splendid regimental you have on, Mr. Slick, the same you wore at Bunker's Hill?—Oh, dear! what a load that word took off my heart; it gave me somethin' to say, tho' none of the clearest.—Yes, Miss, says I, it is; and it was a glorious day for this great republic,—it was the cradle of our liberty.—Well done, Slick! says her father, as he rode by jist at that moment; you are gittin' on bravely, talkin' of cradles already.—Well, that knocked me all up of a heap, and sot your mother a-colorin' as red as anything. I hardly know what I said arter that, and used one word for another like a fool. We had twenty thousand as fine gallant young galls there, says I, that day, as ever I laid eyes on.—Twenty thousand! said Polly, do tell! Why, what on airth was they a-doin' of there?—In arms, says I, a-strugglin' for their liberty.—And did they get away? said she, a-laughin'—Poor things! said I, many of them, whose bosoms beat high with ardor, were levelled there that day, I guess.—Why, Mr. Slick, said she, how you talk!—Yes, says I, nine of them from Charlestown accompanied me there, and we spent the night afore the engagement in the trenches without a blanket to cover us.—They had little to do to be there at such

table land from Oda Mariam to the Tākāzay evidently dip southwards: my own impressions have been likewise confirmed by an intelligent Abyssine, now seated beside me, and who has traded and travelled during fifteen years throughout the country situated between Mussāwra, Walkāyt, and Chōlokot. He repeatedly told me, in Adwa, that the A'sām runs by the foot of Damogāllū, a remarkably insulated mount, which I find, by two angles taken from a measured base of 2842.87 mètres, is 13141.7 mètres south, 10° west from Adwa. On another occasion, when giving the details of his road from Adwa to Hōntalo, he told me that the stream called May K'āntāl joins the Wāri, which, united to the Gāba, receives the A'sām before falling into the Tākāzay. On questioning him again, yesterday, as to the fate of the waters in Tōgray, he answered as follows:—There are two streams called Gādgāda: one flows into the Gāba, the other reaches the Wāri; these two latter unite afterwards, but I do not know under what name. Also the A'sām, after having received the May Tōmcen, the Fōrōfōra, and all the streamlets of Zana, falls into the Wāri (or Gāba), and very soon after the joint stream tumbles into the Tākāzay. I may here add, that the May Gogwa, which flows by the village of the same name, otherwise called Fremona, takes its source in the Adwa system of mountains north of Mount Sālada, which itself is upwards of a mile and a half due north of Adwa. May Gogwa is one of the tributaries of the A'sām.

This evidence, I believe, is conclusive; and as your paper is not more distinguished for its independent spirit of criticism, than for its readiness to acknowledge an involuntary error, I am sure you will be pleased, as a friend of travellers, to applaud, in this instance, at least, Dr. Rüppell's spirited exertions in disentangling the maps of Northern Abyssinia.

Respecting your remarks on the town of Saba, in the same article, it is well to mention that there are now two spots bearing that name, one near Merce, and the other in the Talat country, near what is generally called the Dānkāly coast. The latter, I am told, is still inhabited. As I have now wandered beyond the frontiers of Agamay, I may be excused in mentioning that Amantili, the Muntilli of Salt, has been totally destroyed by Dadjazmatch Obsee. It is spoken of as a place of great trade by the Jesuit missionaries in the beginning of the seventeenth century. The same barbarian has ruined the greatest part of Dūbarwa. The scattered houses that are still inhabited shelter a population not inferior, as I am told, to that of Adwa.—I remain, &c.,

ANTHONY D'ABBADIE.

P.S.—October 11.—I have just had the pleasure of meeting M. Rocher. He has travelled nine months in Shāwa. With a generosity not frequent in a rival, he has allowed me to copy his map, and peruse his journal, which is concise and full of information on the most interesting part of Abyssinia. He has observed a still smoking volcano at Asbota, on the eastern frontier of Shāwa, has ascertained that the Awash ends in a salt lake thirty miles from Tujura, and has observed several springs of boiling water in his journey from the sea to the frontiers of Gojam. His narrative will, I hope, be soon before the public.

[The world would have no reason to upbraid us for our slumbering, if every nod of ours were to call forth a communication so much to the purpose, as the preceding letter of Mr. D'Abbadie. But we have the same excuse as worthy Homer, "longo operi, fas est, obrepere somnum." Besides we are all fallible, and if our excellent correspondent will rub his eyes and re-peruse our remarks on Dr. Rüppell, he may perhaps perceive that we did not refuse our assent to that traveller's statement, which we believe to be correct, but only expressed the difficulty occasioned to us by the extreme brevity with which he contradicts all his predecessors,—all, we say,—for, let Mr. D'Abbadie consult any map of Abyssinia antecedent to Dr. Rüppell's, not excepting the map concocted in Paris, in 1838, for the volumes of MM. Combes and Tamisier, and of which he is not ignorant, and he will find therein the waters of the plain of Adowa made to flow northward into the Mareb. Travellers, by using short and peremptory language, seem not so much to solve difficulties as to remain ignorant of them. Dr. Rüppell is severe on his countryman

Katte, who in his account of his travels in Abyssinia, published in 1839, says that Axum stands on the Mareb. But was he aware that Balthasar Telles, (p. 22) who abridged Almeyda's account of Ethiopia, and had under his hands all the information of the Catholic missionaries, makes the Mareb flow by Fremona or Maingogwa? Or did he recollect that Bruce (vol. 4, p. 310), whose talents as an observer he fully acknowledges, gives a clear account of the plain of Adowa, and having enumerated its rivers, adds that "they fell into the Mareb about twenty-two miles below Adowa"? We have here said enough to show that a visit to Abyssinia does not necessarily put a traveller in possession of the geography of that country. The Jesuits describe minutely the course of the Mareb. John Gabriel, a Portuguese creole of Abyssinia, to whom P. N. Godinho (1615, p. 12) owed much of his information, accompanied the emperor in one of his campaigns northwards, to the plains in which that river is absorbed and disappears, and he relates that by digging to a little depth living fish are found embedded in the soil. This phenomenon, extraordinary as it may appear at first sight, is nevertheless witnessed in Guiana and elsewhere. But will Mr. D'Abbadie credit the fact, that Dr. Rüppell denies altogether that there is a river in Abyssinia named the Mareb? Let us hope that he will direct his inquiries to that point, having read our remarks with the patience of one

"Judicis argutum qui non formidat acumen."

It is from Alvarez alone that we learn anything of Manadeli, on the southern frontier of Tigré, and in his time (1520) a large and prosperous town. The monastery of Abba Pantaleon, in Tigré, is also named Mantille.]

Nuremberg, Nov. 1st.

To write to you about this peerless old town—and within narrow limits—is anything but easy. The historian's knowledge, the artist's cultivated eye, the poet's sympathies, and the familiar friend's intimacy, are all required by him who would speak of Nuremberg; and, these not forthcoming, the temptation to rhapsodize is all but irresistible. To me, in these days, when lithography and steel-engraving, working at the bidding of our excellent and enterprising landscape-painters, have made so many a foreign town more familiar to the Londoner—than one half of his own metropolis, it is surprising how this city of burgher-palaces has escaped: not only its details, but its principal features, came upon me with the freshness of the most perfect novelty. Yet it is impossible to conceive richer subjects than are furnished by its massive fortified walls, now peacefully encroached upon by morsels of garden—here tapestried by a few vines, there overtopped by the spire of a poplar, measuring itself, as it were, against a strong round tower:—or by its river, spanned with half-a-dozen bridges of every conceivable date and form, and overhung by mansions, each a treasury of oriels, balconies, and gables:—to say nothing of the old palace, with its Heidenthurm, and the patriarchal linden tree, a vegetable Methuselah, in its court-yard: or of the magnificent pair of churches to St. Sebald and St. Laurence, which challenge each other from opposite sides of the Pegnitz: or of the "Schöner Brunnen," a fountain which puts our richest Gothic crosses to shame; or of the burial ground of St. John, the proudest place of sepulture I ever entered, so affluent is it in bronzes, legends, and sculptured memorials of its still tenantry. To see these, as I have done, lit up by all the glory of autumn, is a pleasure never to be forgotten.

To avoid the style of an itinerary, I pass over "the lions" of Nuremberg; but I must insist upon its rare wealth, as a magazine of architectural details. Your hotel, a vast, rambling mansion, with corridors long, and walls thick enough, to fit up half a score of romances, and kept, too, by the great-great-grandson of the very merchant prince who built it,—will contain, in some second court, a staircase in the wall, as picturesque in its ordinance, as if it were one of the much-prized morsels of Elizabethan ornament, in a Haddon or a Hardwicke. The penthouse opposite your window, some six stories high, where crane and pulley hung in those thriving days when Commerce and Art divided the reign of the place, will be decorated with wreaths and pilasters and florid mouldings, profuse and various enough to occupy the pencil for a good hour. Countless holy

images, under delicate or sumptuous canopies, stand at every street corner—all down the Adler Strasse, and in every place and square, every house shoulders another, only less richly mantled (to continue the conceit) than its neighbour. This I know, that when I went into the place of St. Sebald—among the ornaments of which, the oriel of Melchior Pinzing, the poet of "Theuredank," is a crown jewel—to look at the statue recently erected in Albrecht Dürer's honour, by Professor Rauch, I found the frame so surpassingly rich and engaging, as to make it difficult for the eye to dwell upon the figure it enclosed. Such a locale is, indeed, at once as severe a trial and as urgent a stimulus as can fall to the lot of an artist: and if Rauch has failed in his statue, it is only what every contemporary modern sculptor must have done, within a stone's throw of the bronzes of Peter Vischer. There is dignity in the attitude of the figure: there is, in the countenance, that benign and apostolic sweetness which is traditionally faithful to the dead of the holy old German painter: the drapery, too is largely and carefully disposed, and still—when compared with the figures of the twelve gospel messengers around the shrine of St. Sebald, nay, even when measured against the quaint and formal carvings in stone by Adam Kraft and his sons, which fill so many a niche and portal with remembrances of the old faith and old feelings that belonged to the time of their production,—the new statue appeared to me to want depth, boldness, expression, *belief*—to be a clever piece of hand-work, in short, whereas the performances of the brave old craftsmen I have mentioned, are neither more nor less than earnest thoughts and devout aspirations, cut in wood, and hewn out in stone, and cast in metal.

If this distinction be not mere dreaming, it touches the entire spirit of Art in Young Germany, and goes far, I think, to account for the certain vague want of entire satisfaction which some have felt in the presence of even the most thoughtful and spiritual works of the nascent school. I cannot tell you how urgently it was pressed upon me, at least, while looking over the distorted and ungracious formalities which stand for the royal collection of pictures in the Moritz-Kapelle; things rejected by the Boisseree, and Berlin, and Munich collections, as second-rate, perhaps even lower—mysteries, and martyrdoms, and coronations, and entombments by Wohlgemuth, and Kulmbach, and Schöngauer, and Zeitblom, and Kranach. What I said concerning the music to be heard here, applies to them—nothing less antique would suit the place so well. Like specimens clothe the walls of the churches, among the escutcheons and armorial bearings still repaired and maintained: (for never was I in a place where pride of ancestry was so palpably to be breathed as an atmosphere,)—and strange it was to see these hierarchies of Saints and Angels bowing down and smiling,—their hues not yet quite faded,—in face of a reformed preacher, triumphantly celebrating the anniversary of the expulsion of the Scarlet Lady, with an energy which had more than one tone and gesture of Knox in it:—and within hearing of the yet prouder strains of the organ, as, joined by the entire congregation, it gave out the magnificent corale used by the Lutherans in their seasons of peril and war!

I have said the two churches challenge each other; but the palm of architectural beauty belongs to the church of St. Laurence, on the score of its rich and elaborate portal, and the height and lightness of its choir: Gothic of the very best age. With regard to the treasures they contain, against St. Sebald's shrine, the sacrament house by Adam Kraft, and the Volkammerwindow of St. Laurence's church, raise themselves in formidable rivalry. The former—tapering to the height of sixty-four feet, against a pillar at the entrance to the choir—is not cut, it is *breathed* in stone. The frost work of a winter shrubbery is hardly more delicate or gracefully fantastic than the spire of pinnacles, foliage, and grotesque ornaments, which hardly press the shoulders of the three figures who kneel to form its basis. Here, too, is still permitted to remain, the pair of floating angels by Veit Stoss—another worthy of the Nuremberg Sanhedrim—and the grim tapestry used in the old days of indulgences and processions to hang the church. In short, it is the freshness and fullness of the past, so to say, which give its charm to the city; and I can conceive no porch or grove, for one disposed to meditate

the true spirit of toleration, and unwilling, because of the abuses to which they were made subservient, to condemn the employment of Art as a handmaid to Religion—more impressive and welcome than the churches—nay, and the very highways, too, of Nuremberg.

H.F.C.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

I regret much to find, from Sir John Herschel's letter in your last number, that I have inadvertently ascribed to him an opinion which he does not entertain, and has not published. I cannot discover how this mistake has originated. The opinion in question I had, myself, long entertained, believing it to be the right one, solely because I supposed it to be Sir John Herschel's; and it was only an accidental circumstance which led me to doubt it. I feel, however, that I was very wrong in trusting to my memory on this occasion, but I am sure Sir John Herschel will excuse me when I mention the particular circumstances under which this error was committed. I had notified to the Assistant Secretary of the British Association that I would read six or seven papers at the Mathematical and Physical Section, and I had devoted the week before the meeting to the composition of these papers. I had scarcely finished three of them, the last of which was 'On the Cause of the Increase of Colour by the Inversion of the Head,' when I was attacked with a neuralgic affection in the eye, which kept me blind during the rest of the week. When this happened, I had on my table Sir John Herschel's 'Treatise on Light,' for the purpose of referring to the precise part of it where I believed the subject was treated; but I was obliged to leave my papers unfinished, and to deliver four of them extempore to the Association.

St. Leonard's, St. Andrew's,
Nov. 10th, 1840.

I am, &c.,

D. BREWSTER.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Letters have been received from Dr. W. H. Willshire, who left England in August last, on a botanical tour to Morocco and the Barbary States, announcing his safe arrival at Mogadore; and he expresses a confident hope that, under the guidance of his uncle, Mr. William Willshire, the Vice-Consul, he shall be able to explore, with comparative safety, many places not hitherto visited by Europeans. The following short extracts from his letters have been obligingly forwarded to us. In the first communication, dated Mogadore, Sept. 6, 1840, he observes,—"I have never been better. I have been sketching a good deal, and hope to bring away with me, what never has been brought before, many drawings of Barbary. You may imagine the state of matters here, when I tell you, that when I go out drawing I am obliged to be accompanied by a soldier; that they spit upon the ground as I pass, and say I am a fool, or a Frenchman come to take the place. I dare not draw in front of the town itself; and the Moor who accompanies me refused to stand by me the other day, when I wanted to sketch a mosque. I am not at liberty to enter one; and the Jews are obliged to walk past them bare-footed. There is not much to be done in the botanical way, before the rainy season commences. I shall leave for Morocco, I expect, in the month of November. I cannot in a letter describe the place and people; but ignorance and sensual despotism reign predominant." Since the above was written, Dr. Willshire has been on a five days' excursion exploring the surrounding country. In a letter, dated the 15th ult., he gives the following description of the nature of the locality:—"I am in one of the strangest, most outlandish, barren places in the habitable globe—not a flower, a blade of grass, a green thing, save a winged sort of broom, is to be seen for miles around. I have given up in despair all thoughts of botany (at this season), as it would be waste of time. I am therefore taking sketches, and writing down all the strange things of this vast country of sun and sand. I am waiting for the Sultan's permission to proceed into the interior; and I hope to reach some spots where scarcely any Christian has been before me."

We alluded last week to the stained-glass window erected in the church of St. George's, Hanover-square, and we have since heard, with pleasure, that a love for

Stained windows richly light,
Casting a dim religious light,

is on the increase among the dignitaries of our church, and that the Dean and Chapter of Westminster have determined on decorating the marigold window in the north transept with a scriptural subject—a modern design which has been intrusted, it is said, to Mr. Howard, the Academician. As yet we have done nothing that can be put in competition with the rich splendour of the early ages, of which there is evidence

enough in New College, Oxford, where the contrast of things old with things modern is most extraordinary. We trust, however, that painting on glass has made large strides since the days of Egginton and Buckler. Let us add here, that many of the parishioners of St. James's, Westminster, are desirous of decorating the oriel window of their church with a painted history. How unlike the bores and Vandals of Marylebone.

All who agree with us in the great moral importance of air, exercise, and healthy recreation to the toil-worn mechanic, will rejoice as we did at reading the following announcement which has appeared in the Dublin papers. We trust this and other examples, which we have from time to time recorded, will not be altogether lost on the Council of the Zoological Society of London. It would perhaps be a wise measure on the part of government to reduce the rent charged to the Society for the gardens in the Regent's Park, on the express condition that on particular days or hours the gardens should be open to the public at a charge of one penny:

The Gardens of the Royal Zoological Society of Ireland, Phoenix Park, will be open on Sundays, after Divine Service, until 1st May, on payment of an admission fee of One Penny. The Council have been induced to make the foregoing order, being satisfied that much advantage has resulted from the experiment of opening the Gardens at the above nominal rate during the evenings of the past summer, when many thousand persons, whose daily avocations and means prevented them from visiting the Gardens before, were enabled to avail themselves of the healthful, rational, and instructive recreation they afford.

The expedition under Capt. Dumont D'Urville has at length arrived safely at Toulon, after an absence of more than thirty-eight months. We learn, too, by letters from Drontheim, that the Russian frigate, having on board the scientific expedition commissioned to explore Nova Zembla, has been compelled, by the ice, to take shelter in the Norwegian port of Wardochaus; and that the members of the commission, headed by M. Baehr, the naturalist and geologist, and M. Ponkowski, the astronomer, have resolved to employ their winter in exploring Finmark, and Norwegian, Swedish, and Prussian Lapland. To these notices of scientific travel, we may add that M. Berbrugger, a Corresponding Member of the Institute, and of the African Scientific Commission, has set out for Tunis on a journey of archaeological inquiry.

A pleasant example of the compensating good which often issues out of evil, is furnished by the persecutions of the eastern Jews, over whose sufferings the European heart has sickened for so many months past. Among other important results which have arisen from the mission of Messieurs Montefiore and Crémieux, is the establishment of schools in Cairo for the Israelite children of both sexes: who are described as being in a state of deplorable ignorance and destitution. M. Crémieux has clothed them from head to foot—organized a system of useful education—Hebrew, Arabic, French, Italian, arithmetic and elementary geography for the boys, Hebrew, Arabic, (with some knowledge of Italian and French) and the various branches of needlework for the girls—and has promised an annual allowance of 6,000 francs (240*l.*) from himself. All the Frenchmen of distinction in Cairo, as well as the chief Rabbi and other eminent persons, have given their zealous co-operation; and Clot-Bey has taken medical charge of the schools gratuitously. The moral gain to the next generation of Israelites from the sufferings of their fathers is thus insured; and light let in upon this dark page of the history of the 19th century, by which it may be perused now without despair, and hereafter without unmitigated horror and disgust. While our attention is attracted in that direction by this new "Star in the East," we may allude to a letter which M. Munck, who accompanied the Damascus mission, has written to M. Champollion Figeac, giving an account of his literary proceedings. After speaking of the impediment presented to his intended researches, by the political state of Syria, he states that, unwilling to return with empty hands, he accompanied M. Crémieux to Cairo, to see what he could pick up in that city:—"My researches," he says, "have not been altogether fruitless. I have not indeed obtained any of the works included in the list which you gave me—but those which I have procured will, I think, be gladly received. I bring with

me amongst other things, a copy of Ibn-Abi-Osaibaa's 'History of the Physicians.' The copy is, in truth, not quite so good a one as might be wished, but will be useful—that already in the Royal Library being in exceedingly bad condition, and scarcely fit for use. I have found, too, a volume of the 'Chronicle of Ibn-el-Athir, which will supply a considerable lacuna in the imperfect copy which we have of that work. I have made a number of copies of our list, and circulated them throughout Cairo; and these have set all the book-collectors in the town in motion for our service; but the only work in that list which they have yet succeeded in discovering is the *Siha* of Djahuri. This copy, a very fine one, is worth, according to the valuation of the Scheiks-refaa, from twelve to fifteen hundred piastres; but a much larger sum is asked for it. As we have, already, a copy of the *Siha*, I could not venture to give so high a price, without a special authority—and for that I could not wait. If you choose to purchase the work, you have only to write, without delay, to M. Geoffroy, of the French Consulate, in Cairo. I bring home with me a number of volumes, belonging to the sect of the Caraites—consisting of several works on the rites and usages of that sect, and different portions of a gigantic commentary on the Bible, as old as the tenth century. All these works are extremely rare—quite unknown in Europe,—and so far as I know, not existing in any one of its libraries. They were furnished to me by the wreck of the Caraites sect at Cairo; and I felt it my duty to preserve these remains of a literature all but unknown, and not unimportant in the literary history of the Middle Ages."

The Paris papers announce the death of M. Gardel, known to all the votaries of Terpsichore as Ballet-master at the Grand Opera of that Metropolis of the Dance for upwards of fifty years, and the ingenious inventor of many of the most celebrated ballets that have fed all the stages of Europe during that long period.—Letters from the same capital announce the arrival at the *Palais des Beaux-Arts* of nine large cases filled with bas-reliefs, brought from the celebrated convent of Pistoia, in the neighbourhood of Florence; as well as of several other works of antique sculpture, forwarded by M. Ingres, Director of the French Academy at Rome.

From a statement in the *Chronicle* of yesterday, Mr. Wordsworth the poet has had a narrow escape from a serious accident. The poet, in company with his son, the Rev. John Wordsworth, were returning to Rydal-mount, in a one-horse gig, and had just reached Ruffa-bridge, about three miles from Keswick, on the Ambleside road, when they observed the mail coach coming upon them at a rattling pace. Owing to the sharp turn in the road at the top of the ascent which leads down to the bridge, the mail could not be seen until within seventy or eighty yards, but in the few moments' notice they had of its approach, the reverend gentleman succeeded in drawing his horse close up to the side of the road, which, though narrow, is nevertheless, wide enough for the coach to have passed in safety under ordinary circumstances. It unfortunately happened, however, that the off-side wheeler, which is in the habit of holding the bridle bit in his teeth, and resisting the utmost exertions of the driver, was, at the moment, indulging in this dangerous practice, and refused to obey the rein. Owing to this circumstance the coach came with great violence against the gig, which it sent against the adjoining wall with such force that both the horse and the gig and the two riders were thrown, with part of the wall, into the adjoining plantation! Fortunately the traces and shafts of the gig both broke near the body of the vehicle, which set the affrighted animal at liberty; and it no sooner gained its feet than it leaped over the broken wall, and, having regained the road, set off at a frightful pace, with the gig shafts attached to the harness. Mr. Wordsworth and his son, whose escape under all the attendant circumstances, was truly providential, were both found unharmed.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

NEW EXHIBITION, representing THE SHRINE OF THE NATIVITY at Bethlehem, painted by M. Rénoux, from a Sketch made on the spot by David Roberts, Esq. A.R.A., in 1839. "The spectator may almost suppose himself in the very birth-place of the Saviour."—*Times*. Also, THE CORONATION of Queen Victoria in Westminster Abbey, by M. Bouton. Open from Ten till Four.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The first meeting was held on the 4th instant, the Rev. Prof. Buckland, D.D. President, in the chair.

A paper was read on Glaciers, and the evidence of their having once existed in Scotland, Ireland, and England, by Prof. Agassiz.—The memoir commences with an acknowledgment that the study of glaciers has long claimed attention; Scheuchzer, Gruner, and De Saussure, and in more recent times Hugi and Scoresby, having given much valuable information respecting their structure, and the attendant phenomena, though no important geological results emanated from their labours: he then proceeds to show, that Venetz and De Charpentier have been the first to attribute to glaciers the transport of the erratic boulders of Switzerland, on the supposition that the Alps formerly attained a greater altitude, and that their glaciers extended to the plains of Switzerland, and even to the Jura. M. Agassiz, however, dissents from the opinion that the Alps were once higher, as it is not enforced by any geological phenomena; and because, to account for the universal distribution of boulders over the northern and temperate regions of Europe, Asia, and America, a more general cause must have operated than the comparatively local one of a greater elevation of the Alps. He also dissents from Charpentier's opinion, that the boulders were pushed forward by the glaciers, the arrangement of the transported materials proving that such could not have been the case. These difficulties induced M. Agassiz to resume the study of glaciers, and by devoting to their examination the most favourable portions of five successive summers, he has become convinced that the formation of these ancient glaciers did not depend upon the actual configuration of the earth only, but was also connected with the great geological operations which produced the last changes in the surface of our globe; that they were not local phenomena; and that their extension was connected with the disappearance of the great mammals now found in the polar ice. He is further of opinion, that the glaciers did not advance from the Alps into plains, but that they retreated from the plains they once covered to the mountains. These new views he supports by many considerations which escaped previous observers, depending chiefly upon the difference in the form as well as relative position, of the erratic blocks and the so-called diluvial gravel; and he adds, that the study of glaciers thus assumes an entirely new importance, as it introduces a long period of very intense cold between the present epoch and the one during which the animals lived, whose remains are buried in the usually-termed diluvial formations. Having made himself thoroughly acquainted with the glaciers of Switzerland, and neighbouring portions of France and Germany, M. Agassiz became anxious to examine a country in which they no longer exist, but where traces of them might be supposed to be left. This opportunity he has enjoyed since the meeting of the British Association at Glasgow, by having examined, in company with Dr. Buckland, a part of Scotland, and afterwards the north of England, and a considerable portion of Ireland; and he is persuaded, from a careful investigation of the gravel and erratic blocks, as well as of the polished and striated appearances of the surface of the rocks, that great crusts (*nappes*) of ice, and subsequently glaciers, once existed in Scotland, the north of England, and in the north, centre, west, and south-east of Ireland. He admits that the study of glaciers in different latitudes, and at different heights above the sea, in combination with the effects of the sea where in contact with the glaciers, will introduce modifications in the consideration of analogous phenomena in countries in which glaciers have disappeared; and he doubts not that the introduction of a new element so powerful as glaciers into the explanation of geological phenomena, will excite a contest, as keen, perhaps, as that which was carried on between the Neptunists and Plutonists; but he is prepared to discuss the theory within the limits of observed facts, conscious of having searched for truth solely to advance the interests of science. To avoid useless controversy, he states, that, though he attributes to glaciers a considerable portion of the effects hitherto assigned exclusively to the action of water, yet that he does not maintain that every

result formerly believed to have been effected by water, has been produced by glaciers. Long-continued practice has, however, taught him to distinguish easily, in most cases, the effects of ice from those of water. Proceeding to the discussion of facts, he states, that the distribution of erratic blocks and diluvial gravel, in connexion with polished and striated rocks, could not have resulted from the agency of a great current flowing in an uniform direction, as the distribution diverges from the great central chains of the country following the courses of the valleys: the parent rock of the boulders and pebbles may moreover be generally found at the head of each valley; and this connexion, M. Agassiz conceives, is alone sufficient to prove that the transported materials have not been washed in by currents. Of those ridges of dispersion he mentions that which extends from Ben Nevis to Ben Lomond,—the Grampians,—the hills of the east of Argyshire,—the mountains of Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Cumberland,—those of Wales, Antrim, the centre of Ireland and of Wicklow, each being characterized by its peculiar blocks and gravel. This opinion, he farther states, is not contradicted by the occurrence of Swedish blocks on the east coast of England, as he adopts the view of their having been transported by floating masses of ice. M. Agassiz then examines in detail the superficial accumulations formed more or less immediately by glaciers; and the effects of moving masses of ice on solid rocks *in situ*, where in contact with them: but he first insists on the necessity of distinguishing between such deposits and the stratified gravel and mud which contain organic remains, and could not have been produced by true glaciers, although the materials may have been often originally derived from them. These stratified fossiliferous accumulations, he conceives, were formed *posterior* to the glacier epoch. The till of Scotland, or the great irregular unstratified masses of mud and gravel containing blocks, and rarely bones of mammalia and insignificant fragments of shells, he is of opinion, have also not resulted from true glaciers, though intimately connected with the phenomena of ice. The polish and striae on the enclosed blocks leave no doubt in his mind of the analogy of the blocks with those observed under the glaciers of Switzerland; and he conceives that the materials which compose the accumulations have been re-arranged by the water produced by the melting of the glaciers. Similar detritus, he says, fills all the bottoms of the Alpine valleys, and was left where it is now found by the glaciers when they extended so far. He dwells on the proofs that the superficial deposits of these valleys could not have been brought into their present position by rivers, and he instances more particularly the valley of the Aar, as confirmatory of his views. The course of this river between the glacier from which it issues and Berne, is interrupted, first, by the barrier of Kirchet, afterwards by the Lake of Brienz, and lastly by the Lake of Thun; and between these two bodies of water its force is so feeble that it transports only fine gravel and mud. Nevertheless, the whole extent of the valley is strewn with the same rolled Alpine pebbles. Admitting that the volume of river was once greater than it is now, he says, it is impossible to understand why the lakes of Brienz and Thun have not been filled in the same manner as the plain of Meyringen and the bottom of the valley which separates the two lakes. All these difficulties, however, he is of opinion, disappear as soon as the accumulations of pebbles are considered to be the detritus left by glaciers, when they retreated from lower to higher levels, and the lakes of Thun and Brienz to have been hollows occupied by ice. This existence of a glacier, he states, is not imagined to explain the phenomena of the valley; as its occurrence is proved by a continuity of polish presented by the rocks which inclose the valley from the glacier of the Aar to Meyringen, a distance of twenty English miles, and traceable even on the shores of the Lake of Thun. Similar phenomena, he says, are observable in Scotland in the valley of Loch Awe and Loch Leven, near Ballachulish; and in England in the neighbourhood of Kendal. He then describes the moraines or terraces which occur on the flanks of valleys, following all the sinuosities of the country, and arranged at equal altitudes on the opposite declivities, and which frequently form transverse barriers,

Their origin, he proves to have been the accumulation of blocks and pebbles formed along the flanks and terminations of glaciers, and successively deposited by the melting of the ice. These moraines differ from the masses of remodelled glacier-detritus spread in the bottom of hollows, by being disposed in ridges with a double talus, one presented to the glacier and the other to the wall of rock flanking the valley. Independently of occurring on the sides of all existing glaciers, moraines may be also traced at a distance from them in the valleys of the Rhone, the Arve, the Aar, &c. They are very distinct, M. Agassiz says, in many valleys in Scotland, as near Inverary, at Muc Airn, at the outlet of Loch Traig, at Strankaer, on the borders of the Bay of Beaulea, &c.; in Ireland, to the south-east of Dublin, and near Enniskillen; and in England, in the valley of Kendal, and in the neighbourhood of Penrith and Shap. However great may be the distinction between moraines and the accumulations of pebbles and blocks previously noticed, the author states, that no doubt can exist of their common origin; the former being simple ridges produced on the surface of glaciers, and the latter, materials rounded and polished under glaciers or great bodies of ice; and which, after exposure, by the melting of the ice, have been re-arranged by water. M. Agassiz then explains the marked differences in the form and internal arrangement of the materials comprising these various deposits. In stratified gravel, he says, the ingredients are comparatively much smaller than in the detritus of glaciers, and the finer portions are usually at the top, while in accumulations from ice large and small blocks are confusedly intermixed, the largest being often in the upper part; and where great angular blocks occur, they rest upon the surface. In moraines, however, blocks of all dimensions, and every variety of form, are irregularly associated; and this difference, he says, is easily explained, by moraines being composed of the angular fragments which fall on the glacier, and of pebbles rounded on the edges, the whole being deposited in ridges, which necessarily present no order of arrangement. The author next, in corroboration of his views of the connexion between glaciers and rolled masses, describes the polished and striated surfaces, so often observed on rocks *in situ*. Without denying the power of water to produce such effects, he says, he has sought for them in vain on the borders of rivers and lakes, and on sea coasts; and that the action of water appears to him to be confined to the sinuous erosion of the softer portions of the rock, while, on the contrary, that of the glacier is totally independent of the composition of the surface, affecting equally the hardest and softest materials. The polish produced by the ice is uniform, but wherever moveable substances are interposed between the glacier and the rock, and of a harder nature than the rock, the surface is also traversed by striae, which agree, in their general direction, with that of the movement of the ice. Another effect of glaciers is, to round projecting masses, and form those curved bosses, which are of common occurrence in the Alps, and were called by De Saussure *roches moutonnées*. Similar phenomena, M. Agassiz says, are very common on the borders of Loch Awe and Loch Leven; and in the neighbourhood of Kendal. At the outlets of valleys, the striae diverge, and on the flanks are never horizontal, as they would be, if they were due to currents or floating ice; but are generally oblique, in consequence, the author states, of the expansion of the ice upwards, and the descending motion of the glacier. The most remarkable striated rocks in the Alps are near Handeck, and near the cascade of Pissevache; the finest examples noticed by M. Agassiz in Scotland are those of Ballachulish, and in Ireland, of Virginia. If his analogy of the facts which he has observed in Scotland, Ireland, and the north of England, with those of Switzerland, be correct, then, observes the author, it must be admitted, not only that glaciers formerly existed in those countries, but that great sheets (*nappes*) of ice covered all the surfaces, and progressively retreated, at a late period, to the mountains, and at last totally disappeared. The author then enters upon the inquiry whether glaciers have extended downwards from the mountains, or are the residue of the great masses of ice which formerly occupied the plains. It is evident, he says, if the former opinion be correct, that

the largest moraines ought to be the most distant, and to be formed of the most rounded masses; whereas actual appearances are the reverse, the distant materials being widely spread, and true moraines being found only in valleys connected with great chains of lofty mountains. Therefore, he adds, it must be inferred that great sheets of ice, resembling those now known to exist in Greenland, once covered all the countries in which occur unstratified masses of gravel, or of gravel due to the triturating action of the bottom of the sheets of ice; that moraines are phenomena dependent on the retreat of glaciers; that the large angular blocks spread over rounded materials were left by the melting of the ice; and that as the advance and disappearance of great bodies of ice are known to produce debacles and considerable currents; so it may be inferred that by such operations in times past, masses of ice were set afloat, and conveyed, in diverging directions, the blocks with which they were charged. The connexion of stratified very recent fossiliferous deposits with glacier-detritus, M. Agassiz says, is difficult to explain, but he conceives that the same causes which could bar up valleys, and form lakes, like those of Brienz, Thun, and Zurich, might have formed bars at the point of contact with the sea, sufficiently extensive to have produced large salt marshes to be inhabited by the animals, whose remains are found in the clays superimposed on the till; and, he adds, that the known arctic character of these fossils ought to have great weight with those who study this vast subject. In conclusion M. Agassiz observes, that the question of glaciers forms part of many of the great problems of geology: that it accounts for the disappearance of the great mammals inclosed in the Polar ice, as well as for the disappearance of the organic beings of the so-called diluvian epoch: that in Switzerland it is associated with the elevation of the Alps, and the dispersion of the erratic blocks: and that it is so intimately mixed up with the subject of a general diminution of the terrestrial heat, that a more profound acquaintance with the facts noticed in this paper will probably modify the opinions entertained respecting it.

A paper by Dr. Buckland, also on glaciers, and their former existence in Scotland and England was afterwards commenced.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 16.—Lieut.-Col. Sykes, V.P., in the chair.

A paper was read 'On the Mortality among the Poor in the City of Limerick,' by Daniel Griffin, Esq., M.D.—The inquiry was undertaken with the view of ascertaining the amount of mortality among the children of the poor. It was confined entirely to persons of that class, and, with very few exceptions was conducted by the author. The inquiry extended to 1,023 families, comprising 4,461 individuals, whose ages were ascertained, with the exception of 66. The total number of deaths up to the close of the inquiry was 3,014, but the ages of 71 were unrecorded. Out of 2,943 deaths, at all ages there occurred 37.2 per cent., or three-eighths under one year; 62.7, or five-eighths per cent. under three years; 75.1 per cent., or three-fourths under five years of age. The number of deaths at an advanced age was, on the other hand, very small:—between fifty and sixty there occurred 45; between sixty and seventy, 34; between seventy and eighty, 6; and above eighty, only 1. A small proportion alone of those living reached high ages in these families. Out of 4,322 persons whose ages were ascertained, there were living,—between fifty and sixty, only 278; between sixty and seventy, 136; between seventy and eighty, 35; and at eighty and upwards, only 6. All the deaths occurred since the period of marriage, and the duration in this term was taken down in about 789 families. From this, the mean duration was found to be nearly eighteen years, and the annual mortality about 5.24 per cent. This high rate of mortality is no doubt in some degree owing to local circumstances—to the closeness of the houses and the narrowness and filth of the lanes, as well as to the state of destitution in which the lower classes always live; and this is evident from the deaths that occurred in a different class in the same city. The following are the deaths that occurred in three Tontine societies, established in Limerick, in the years 1807, 1811, and 1814. In the Tontine of 1807, the original nomi-

nees were 95, and there had been 29 deaths in 33 years, or one in 108 annually. In the Tontine of 1811, the nominees were 35, and of these 12 died in 29 years, or one in 81 annually. In the Tontine of 1814, the nominees were also 35, and the deaths in 26 years amounted to five; or one in 182 annually. These two facts,—the deaths among the poor and the deaths in the Tontine societies,—may be considered to represent the extremes of mortality—the maxima and minima of the waste of human life in Limerick. The principal causes of mortality were as follows:—Endemic, epidemic, and contagious diseases, 1,204; diseases of the nervous system, 653; diseases of the respiratory system, 260; diseases of the intestinal canal, 87; diseases of the liver, 9; diseases of child-bed, 14; diseases of uncertain seat, 208; violent deaths, 19; causes not specified, 489; and at unknown ages, 71. Total, 3,014. The frightful excess of the first class, consisting of endemic and epidemic diseases, may be gathered from the following fact, that while the proportion of this class to the whole number of deaths in England and Wales in 1838 was under 20. (19.8) in the metropolis, and Leeds 26.1 and 26. respectively, in Manchester 23.2, in Birmingham 20., and in Liverpool 19.8, it is in Limerick not less than 40., or nearly five times as great as the proportion of deaths from diseases of the respiratory system, to which, among a healthy population, it ought to be nearly equal. The proportion of sick to healthy at different ages was rather more than 20 per cent., but, as the diseases led to an application at the Dispensary, the proportion of sick to healthy in these families, must not be regarded as a correct representation of the proportion of sick to healthy among the whole mass of the poor. The productiveness and loss of children were as follows:—Mean number of children born in each family, 5.48: lost in each family, 2.89; per-centage of deaths on the number born, 51.79. Of the parents, there died in the space of eighteen years, 200 men and 65 women; 20 men had married a second, and one a third time; and 31 women had married a second time. The surviving parents were therefore 1,834, and 265 deaths on this number, is about 14.44 in the eighteen years, or 0.8 per cent. per annum. In 1,023 families there were found at the time of the inquiry 4,461 individuals, or 4.36 to a family; 2,627 children living, or 2.57 to each family; 2,807 children dead, or 2.74 to a family; thus making the total number of children including still-born to each family, 5,630, or 5.5 to a family. It was found that the parents had married at a very early age, generally between sixteen and twenty-five; and in eleven cases, as early as thirteen or fourteen—the mean number for men being 26.1, and for women 22 years; and, from a return of the Limerick Lying-in-Hospital, of the ages at which the marriages of 342 women took place, 22.3 years appears as the mean.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Oct. 20.—Dr. Henderson, V.P. in the chair.

Although so far advanced in the season, the display of flowers was very good, particularly the roses, of which there were several collections in fine bloom. There was also a good display of fruit.

Among the novelties of most interest were cut flowers from Mr. Field, gardener to S. W. Silver, Esq., of *Calonyction speciosum*, a rather pretty white flower, with a very sweet scent. This is the plant called in Ceylon *Ipomoea bona nox*, or moon-plant, from its flowers opening at six o'clock in the evening, and closing at the same hour in the morning. They were raised from seeds received during the last year from Ceylon; from Mr. Crace, of St. John's Wood, a collection of apples, remarkable from having been grown on a stiff cold soil, unfit for their successful culture. In explanation, Mr. Crace stated, "that, having planted trees in new ground brought in for the purpose, he found that whenever the roots penetrated deep into the subsoil, the trees cankered; he therefore procured French Paradise Stock, which do not throw out strong coarse bundles of roots, like the common crab, but fine fibrous roots, which run along just below the surface of the ground: on these he grafted, and found them to answer remarkably

* Of these, 504 were returned as proceeding from convulsions—569 of which occurred under five years of age; it is the custom among the poor in Ireland to attribute every doubtful affection of which a child dies to convulsions.

well, as was shown by the fruit exhibited. A new hardy greenhouse shrub, one of the most beautiful of the introductions from the Swan River, with large lilac flowers; it has rather large petals, which do not close in the absence of light, as the other species of *Hibiscus*, but remain open till the flower drops. It flowers freely, and, from the appearance of fresh buds, promises to continue in bloom during the winter.—The following prizes were awarded:—The Silver Knightian Medal to Mr. H. Pratt, for the Queen Pine Apple; the Silver Banksian Medal to Mr. R. Willson for the collection of pears; to Mr. Crace for the collection of apples; to Mr. Jackson for the collection of heaths; and to Messrs. Wood & Son for the collection of roses.

Dr. Lindley read a paper 'On the Method of Cultivating the *Nelumbium speciosum*,' by Mr. A. Scott, gardener to Sir G. Staunton, Bart.—Mr. Scott states that the plants this season have been treated as follows: "They were kept dry during the winter months in a cool part of the plant-stove, at a temperature of about 50° Fahr. In February the roots were divided and potted separately in turfy loam; the pots were set in pans of water, the temperature of the house varying from 65° to 80°. As they began to grow they were set in the water just deep enough to allow their leaves to float; in April they were removed to a small stove-house, where the temperature varied from 65° to 90°, the temperature of the water in the cisterns being about 75°. In May the strongest plant was planted out into a box (water-tight), 3½ feet long, 1½ feet wide, and 16 inches deep, filled with loamy soil, with a little gravel at top to give it solidity, allowing room for about 2 inches of water over the surface of the soil. The box was now plunged into a bark bed, which raised the temperature of the soil and water in the box to 80°, the temperature of the house varying from 65° to 95°. The plant continued to grow rapidly, sending up leaves 3 feet out of the water, the largest of them 16 inches in diameter; and, on the return of fine clear weather in August, the first flower-bud appeared. The flower, when fully extended, measured 10½ inches in diameter, and remained several days in perfection. The plant occupied a space of more than 12 feet in circumference." Mr. Scott states it to have been the red-flowered variety, *N. speciosum*, which he considers much larger, and more beautiful than the flower of *N. luteum*.

The following shows the highest and lowest states of the barometer and thermometer, and the amount of rain, as observed in the garden of the Society, between the 6th and 20th of October, 1840.—

Oct. 12, Barometer, highest	30.549
19, " lowest	29.664
Oct. 14, Thermometer, highest	66° Fahr.
8, " lowest	30° Fahr.
Total amount of Rain 0.24 inch.	

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

'On the Action of Steam as a Moving Power in the Cornish Single Pumping Engine.' By Josiah Parkes.—In this communication, the author presents a detailed analysis of some of the facts collected and recorded by him in his former communications, with the special object of ascertaining from the known consumption of water as steam, the whole quantity of action developed—the quantity of action had it been used unexpansively—the value of expansion—the correspondence between the power, and the resistance overcome—and, finally, a theory of the steam's action, with a view of determining the real causes of the economy of the Cornish single pumping engine. The data employed for the purposes of this investigation are those obtained from the Huel Towan engine by Mr. Henwood, from the Holmshush by Mr. Wicksteed, and from the Fowey Consols, and recorded in the author's former communications. Steam may be applied in one or other of the two following modes: expansively, that is, when admitted into the cylinder at a pressure greater than the resistance, and quitting it at a pressure less than the resistance; or unexpansively, that is, when its pressure on the piston is equal to the resistance throughout the stroke. By the term *economy* in the use of steam, is meant the increase in quantity of action obtained by the adoption of that mode which produces the greatest effect. The weight of pump-rods, &c., which effects the pumping or return stroke in a Cornish engine is greater than

the weight of the column of water, by the amounts necessary to overcome the friction of the water in the pipes—to displace the water at the velocity of the stroke—to overcome the friction of the pitwork, and of the engine itself. The absolute resistance opposed to the steam, consists of the weight which performs the return stroke, plus the friction of the engine and pitwork, and the elasticity of the uncondensed steam. The water-load in the Huel Towan engine was very accurately ascertained as 11 lb. per square inch on the piston; and it is shown that the additional resistance amounted to 7 lb. in the Huel Towan, and to 6 lb. in the other engines, so that the whole resistance in the Huel Towan engine is 18 lb. per square inch of the piston. Now, the elastic force of the steam at the termination of the stroke, and before the equilibrium valve is opened (ascertained from the ratio of the volumes of steam and water consumed), is only 7 lb. per square inch, that is, 4 lb. less than the water-load alone. The corresponding results for the other two engines are equally remarkable, and show most distinctly that, at the termination of the stroke, the pressure of the steam is far below the water-load, as had been previously observed by Mr. Henwood and others. The next step in the analysis is to determine the portion of the stroke performed when the pressure of the steam in the cylinder is just below the resistance, and then to separate and estimate the spaces through which the piston is driven respectively by steam of a pressure not less than the resistance, and less than the resistance. These facts being ascertained, the virtual or useful expansion, and the dynamic efficiency of the steam, during the two portions of the stroke, are known; and it appears that there is a deficiency of power, as compared with the resistance overcome, of above 3 lb. in the Huel Towan, and more than 4 lb. in the other engines, per square inch on the piston. From these startling facts, and a careful examination of Mr. Henwood's indicator diagrams, the author was induced to inquire whether the piston had not been impelled by a force altogether distinct from the continuous action of the steam upon it, namely, by a force which is to be referred to the sudden impact on the piston when the admission valve is so fully and instantaneously opened, as it is in these engines, and a free communication established between the cylinder and the boiler. To this instantaneous action on the piston, the author, for the sake of distinction, assigns the term *percussion*; and, proceeding to analyze the authentic facts under this view, it appears that the space of the cylinder through which the piston was carried by virtue of this percussive action was about 21 inches in the Huel Towan, 27 inches in the Holmush, and 33 inches in the Fowey Consols engines. The results thus unfolded, which are facts independent of any hypothesis, appear less startling on a full consideration of the circumstances under which the steam is admitted into the cylinder. The engine has completed a stroke, and is brought to rest by the cushion of steam between the piston and the cylinder cover; a vacuum is formed on the other side of the piston; the elastic force of the steam in the cushion then nearly balances the resistance. A communication is now suddenly opened between the cylinder and the boiler containing steam of a high elasticity; and the piston, being ready to move with a slightly increased pressure, receives a violent impulse from the steam's instantaneous action. The piston having started, the influx of the steam is more or less retarded by the throttle valve, and its elastic force, though at first greater than the resistance, is soon reduced considerably below it, the mass of matter in motion acting the part of a fly wheel, absorbing the excess of the initial power over the resistance, and discharging it by degrees until the stroke is completed. The indicator diagrams, which are the transcripts of the piston's movements, show that such may be the nature of the action on the piston, and the discussion of numerous well-established facts and phenomena, for the Cornish engines, strongly confirms this view of the case. Whatever may be the theory of the steam's action, the fact that the sum of those actions has carried the piston through its course, is certain; and it seems equally certain that the quantity of water as steam which entered the cylinders was insufficient alone to overcome the resistance. The author then investigates the amount of useful action due to the steam im-

posed between the piston and the cylinder cover, and recovered each stroke, which, for its use in bringing the engine to a state of rest at the end of the return stroke, he terms the *cushion*. This quantity, though small, is appreciable, and its value is assigned for each engine. The author treats lastly of the evidence furnished by the diagrams of the indicator, and of its utility as a pressure gauge. The communication is accompanied by elaborate tables of the results of the analysis, and an appendix with the calculations worked out in detail.

Mr. WICKSTEED declined at present giving an opinion upon the theory before the meeting. He stated, that he was still trying experiments upon the engine at Old Ford—that the results up to the present time were in accordance with his anticipations—that, with small screenings of Newcastle coals, the duty of the engine amounted generally to 75 millions, and sometimes to as much as 81 or 82 millions. He thought that 7 lb. per square inch for friction and imperfect vacuum was too large an allowance for an engine of the size of that at Old Ford, as, when the speed was 10 to 11 strokes per minute, the power was equal to 200 horses, and, if an allowance of 6 or 7 lb. was made, it would be equal to 100 horses extra power, which he felt certain could not be correct. At the same time, he believed that in very small engines the amount of friction, &c., might be correctly estimated at 6 or 7 lb. per square inch. He had also tried some experiments upon a Boulton and Watt low-pressure engine: by the introduction of Harvey and West's patent pump valves, the duty of the engine had been increased from about 28½ to 32½ millions. He was now trying experiments on clothing the cylinder, &c., and with steam in and out of the jacket: the result of all these experiments should be laid before the Institution as soon as they were completed.—Mr. SEAWARD considered the paper to be very valuable, as opening a new view of the action of steam, and inducing discussion and experiment; but he was not prepared to allow at once the percussive action, nor could he admit it to be the cause of the increased duty, as, if so, an augmentation of pressure in the boiler would give a corresponding increase of duty. Engines were worked at all pressures up to 60 lb., and even higher; but it was not perceived that the highest pressure gave the best results. He attributed the increase of duty to an improvement in the manner of using coal under the boilers; to the use of good non-conducting substances for clothing the cylinders, steam-pipes, &c., to prevent the radiation of heat; and to the general improvement in the construction of the valves and other parts of the engines, the proper dimensions for which were at present better defined. The expansive principle did not seem to have operated so well in the rotary as in the pumping engines. Several Scotch boats had been worked with steam at a pressure of 33 lb. on the inch, without any corresponding advantage. The increase of duty, then, he attributed to other reasons than the effects of percussion, as, independent of other considerations, the steam must always have possessed the same percussive force, which it must have exercised without producing the effects now attributed to it.—Mr. Wicksteed observed, that there were many reasons why the duty of the double expansive engines in Cornwall was not in proportion to that of the single pumping engines. The introduction of the former only dated from about the year 1834; but few had been made; there had not been the same amount of experience to guide the engineer in their construction; they were of small size, and consequently the amount of the friction was greater in proportion than in the large single pumping engines. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, the duty had increased from 15 or 20 millions to 57 millions.—Mr. RENDEL would direct the attention of members to the main feature of Mr. Parkes's paper, which was the discovery of the action of a percussive force by the steam. The full investigation of this subject deeply interested the scientific world; and it was important that its merit should be clearly displayed. If any power could be gained from the percussive action, the more suddenly the steam could be admitted upon the piston, the more advantageous would be the result. It would be interesting to learn whether, in the changes in Cornish

engines, from which such improved duty had resulted, any increased area had been given to the steam pipes and valves, and to what extent as compared with the old practice. If any change of this kind should be found to have taken place, it would be an argument in favour of the percussive principle.—Mr. PARKES remarked, that many observing men had conceived doubts of the sufficiency of the commonly-received theory of expansion to explain the excessive economy of the Cornish above the unexpansive engine. Some had recorded this opinion. Mr. Henwood found the steam's force in the Huel Towan engine unable to sustain the water-load alone. Messrs. Lean showed a similar deficiency of steam power in an engine at the United Mines; and Mr. G. H. Palmer was perfectly correct in his statement, that the absolute force of steam as commonly appreciated was inadequate to the performances assigned to it; but he was wrong in asserting that these effects had not been obtained, for they were indubitable. As doubts had been expressed with regard to the accuracy and sufficient duration of the experiments selected as the basis of his analysis, he would state, that Mr. Henwood obtained the quantity of water consumed as steam, during a continuous observation of 24 hours, having previously measured the water discharged by a given number of strokes of the feed pump, and then counting the entire number of strokes made to supply the boilers during the experiment. The pump was used periodically, and its whole contents injected into the boilers at each stroke, so that no material error could arise as to the quantity of water consumed as steam. With respect to the resistance overcome, Mr. Henwood several times measured the whole height of the lifts in the most careful manner, not comprehending the fact of the steam's force being unequal to sustain the load of water alone. Not content with this, he measured the water discharged by the pumps, and found a near correspondence with the calculated quantity. Mr. Parkes would prefer a short experiment on the consumption of water as steam to a long one, as more likely to be accurate. He had rejected the eight months' experiment on the United Mines engine, as being unsuitable for the purpose of his investigation; for, during so long a period, the boilers must have been several times emptied and cleaned, stoppages must have occurred, condensation, leakage, and other circumstances must also have taken place, which unfitted that experiment for analysis. Long experiments were the best for the practical determination of the duty done by coal; but the action of steam in performing that duty was altogether a separate consideration. The consumption of water as steam for a single stroke of the engine, if it could be obtained, would be all-sufficient for investigating its action in the cylinder, as the weight raised by a Cornish engine must be the same at every stroke. If any error existed in the statement of the water evaporated, it was more likely to be in excess than in deficiency; for it would be admitted that the conversion of 104 lb. of water into steam, by 1 lb. of coal, was not a common occurrence. Yet, granting this result to have been obtained, it appeared that there was not steam enough to overcome the resistance. Such was the result of the analysis of the Huel Towan and Fowey Consols engines, for which the evaporation was ascertained; and if less water had been converted into steam, the deficiency of power, compared with the effect, would necessarily have been still greater. Mr. Henwood's statement of the performance of the Huel Towan engine was confirmed by a previous trial of the same engine in 1828, conducted by a committee of twenty-one competent persons, when it appeared, after twenty-six hours' experiments, that 87,209,652 lb. had been raised one foot by a bushel of coals. Mr. Henwood's experiment gave 81,389,900 lb., so that in the analysis the lowest result was used. It had been urged, that if any such force as percussion belonged to steam now, it always formed one of its properties. This was true; but it either may not have been well applied, or its effect not detected. The expenditure of power, as derived from the quantity of water consumed as steam could not be determined so long as any condensation of steam took place in the cylinder; for whatever steam was there condensed had lost its power. The perfect clothing of the Cornish cylinders rendered the analysis of the action derived from a given quantity of water as steam nearly free from

error.—Mr. Wicksteed had stated, that when he kept the steam out of the jacket of one of Boulton and Watt's engines, it required full steam throughout the stroke to overcome the load: whereas, with steam in the jacket, some expansion could be used. This would show a greater expenditure of power in one case to produce an equal effect. Such, however, could not be: an equal power operated in both cases, but in the one, a portion of it was annihilated, or had produced no useful effect.—Mr. Parkes considered it as demonstrated, that a force, independent of the steam's simple elastic force within the cylinder, did operate in the Cornish engines. The term *percussion* might be objected to, when applied to an elastic fluid. Nevertheless, he conceived that the instantaneous action transmitted to the piston, on the sudden and free communication effected between the cylinder and boiler, must produce an effect analogous to the percussion of solids. He considered the proofs of such action adduced in his paper as irresistible. He would ask, how it could be accounted for that the steam was in a state of expansion during 19 out of 20 parts of the stroke in the Huel Towan engine, as shown by the indicator diagram, though it was freely admitted during one-fifth of the stroke, unless a velocity had been given to the piston by an initial force exceeding that of the steam's simple elastic force? How was it that, at the end of the stroke, the steam's elasticity was able to sustain so small a portion of the load in equilibrium, unless a momentum had been transferred to the mass by the impact on the piston, and aided the expanding steam to complete the stroke, which alone it was incompetent to perform? The greater degree of attenuation in which the steam was found on the completion of the stroke in one engine than in another, compared with the pressure of the resistance, and with the amount of expansion determined by the period of closing the valve, alone proved that the ordinary theory was inadequate to explain the action of steam in these engines. He had for some time conjectured that a hidden and unsuspected cause influenced the performance of the Cornish engine; and if he had not been successful in discovering its nature, he considered the analysis as placing the fact beyond question, that the quantity of action resulting from the steam admitted into the cylinder was much below the force of the resistance opposed to it, and overcome.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

SAT.	Asiatic Society.....	Two, P.M.
	Geographical Society.....	Nine.
MON.	Royal Academy (<i>Anatom. Lect.</i>).....	
	Zoological Society (<i>Scient. Inst.</i>).....	Eight.
TUES.	Botanic Society.....	Eight.
	Microscopical Society.....	Eight.
WED.	Society of Arts.....	Eight.
	Royal Society.....	Eight.
THUR.	Society of Antiquaries.....	Eight.
	Royal Society of Literature.....	Four.

FINE ARTS

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The *Annals*, so far as art is concerned, recal to our recollection the song of Autolycus:—

Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Buckle bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for my lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lady to give their dears.

—a very sufficient description, and clearly indicating their natural destination.

First, and first because they assume something of an historical character, we shall notice the illustrations to the *Legends of Venice*, by J. R. Herbert—a subject which suggests a new world of imagination, thought, beauty, and feeling, of which, however, neither artist nor editor appears to have caught more than an occasional glimpse. We have surely had enough of melo-dramatic exaggerations about Venice—of fierce passions, love, hatred, and revenge; but ladies and assassins, balconies and gondolas, seem the only idea which our artists and romancers have of the Sea Cybele. Can they suppose that she rose to her proud eminence—the crowned Queen of the Adriatic—by such miserable means and instruments? Mr. Herbert, indeed, once or twice stumbled on the right path; and his picture of *Genile Belline recounting the deeds of the Duke Enrico Dandolo* is one not only of interest in itself, but interesting as a work of

art, and treated with great breadth and simplicity. There are others of more or less merit, none that seem deserving special notice.

The *Picturesque* is this year devoted to Belgium; and there are more subjects of artistic and architectural interest in a given number of square leagues in that country, than in almost any other in Europe. The civil architecture is unrivalled for picturesque beauty; there are too many admirable specimens of ecclesiastical architecture; and works illustrating the early history of art, especially painting, are to be found in all her cities. Some idea of these riches may be gathered by our untravelled countrymen from the work before us, and we direct their attention to the *Town Halls at Ghent and Louvain*, though but little remains of the former, and the tower of *La Halle* at Bruges. Other scenes, though interesting and beautiful, are less characteristic.

The *Keepsake* is as of old—though *The Parting*, by Hicks, is perhaps superior to its class, from its unaffected simplicity and feeling. *The Signal*, too, by Herbert, has merit, but the expression borders on the theatrical; and there is a clever landscape, by Bentley, which deserves a word of commendation.

The *Book of Beauty* is, indeed, all—

Golden quoifs and stomachers—

its name a riddle and perplexity to simple country folk, who know nothing of the bright eyes which rain influence but from these presentments. Between artists and engravers, mannerism on the one part and "affectations" on the other, there is but one picture in the collection that can win from us a word of praise—a pencil sketch, by Hayter, of the *Marchioness of Douro*. This criticism may as well do double duty, and include the *Children of the Nobility*, where, again, there is but one picture which we consider superior to its class—*A Portrait of the Daughter of the Earl of Harrington*, by the same artist—and to this there are many and obvious objections.

The illustrations to the *Forget-me-Not and Friendship's Offering* we have already noticed.

After poring for hours over these toys and trifles, the eye finds relief and satisfaction in prints on a scale not requiring a magnifying glass, and in plain simple subjects treated by the men and not the waiting-gentlewomen of art. Thus, Cousin's clever etching of Edwin Landseer's *Pets*, gives us a pleasure beyond what we received from the original picture. The mannered and somewhat finical prettiness of the fancifully decked-out children, is forgotten, for the sake of the boldness with which they are set before us. It is not impossible, indeed, that, in its half-finished state, the print is more welcome than it will be when blooming in the rich smoothness of mezzotint perfection which Mr. Cousins knows so well how to produce. Mr. Parker's *Centenary Picture*, representing John Wesley, when a child, rescued from the burning parsonage at Epworth, has also been engraved on a grand scale. The picture itself was noticed long since (No. 631), and we have now only to announce that it has been worthily rendered on copper by S. W. Reynolds. *The Earl of Strafford going to Execution*, by De la Roche, is another historical picture of much interest, which has been lately published, and is very delicately and beautifully engraved by G. Saunders. The fashion of the day, however, seems to run in favour of sketches; and, whether it hold or not as a fashion, there are few portraits of the Duke of Wellington which we should prefer to Mr. Lewis's spirited fac-simile of Sir Thomas Lawrence's drawing. Another fine portrait in a more legitimate style, is of the late Bishop White, of Pennsylvania, one of the first American bishops consecrated after the Independence of the United States. The benevolent expression of the venerable old man has been ably preserved by the artist, Mr. Inman, and the engraver, Mr. Wagstaff. We have also before us a fanciful exaggeration, by Buss, engraved by H. Rolls, called *The Blue Stocking*. The inspired lady has hurried from her bed to indite an Ode, while the husband, an admirable Jerry, sits crouching in bed, nursing the infant. We must, for this week, conclude with a notice of Mr. C. Bunning's prim and metallic medallion of Dr. Birkbeck—which, indeed, for its overwhelming calligraphic accompaniments, ought rather to be treated as a specimen of copper-plate printing than as the work of an artist.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

COVENT GARDEN.—All that a tasteful and liberal application of stage resources could accomplish has been done at this theatre, towards embodying that most beautiful fairy romance 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' and the classic elegance of the scenery, costumes, the mechanical ingenuity of the scenic transformations, the musical accompaniment, altogether form a graceful and fanciful, as well as brilliant spectacle. But the exquisite poetry of Shakspeare loses its charm, if not its meaning, when uttered with those imperfections of speech, inseparable from the formal declamation of actors labouring to fill an area too large to allow a complete governance of the voice; and it is needless to say that the idea of personating the Fairy Elves is hopeless, and the material attractions of a pageant, however gorgeous, are no substitute for the spiritual essence; nevertheless, as a masque of Shakspeare's imagining is better than any other, and as this representation of it transcends any previous one, it merits the popular applause which it received on the first night. The scenes in the wood are fitting haunts for fairies, and Madame Vestris as *Oberon*, in her knightly panoply, is a very acceptable representative of an elfin warrior, though why the king of fairy land should be in arms, when his quarrel is only a matrimonial one, does not appear. Miss Marshall is an active and sprightly *Puck*, and Miss Cooper takes pains to make the plaints of *Helena* audible and touching; Mrs. Nesbitt as *Hermia* is out of her element. The lovers, and *Theseus* and *Hippolyta*, are only to be admired for the sumptuous taste of their Greek costumes. Harley, as *Bottom*, the Weaver, merely buffoons the part, as is his custom: "sweet Bully Bottom" is a character so plainly written that it requires an effort to spoil it, and this effort Mr. Harley makes with great labour and success. Keeley, as *Flute*, the Bellows-mender, is the true clown; dense, uncouth, and most ludicrous when he tries hardest to act. The dressing of *Wall* and *Moonshine* was too fine for the occasion; the burlesque play, however, goes admirably, but would be none the worse for the omission of a gratuitous piece of indelicacy at the end. The concluding scene with the fairy troops running through the house of Theseus with blazing torches, filling the halls with lights of various hue, is very much applauded; but the opening view of Athens and the moonlit groves are of more refined beauty.—The Critic has been revived here, and is popular; but we cannot admire the acting: in the petite comedy which forms the first act, Farren, as *Sir Fretful Plagiary*, takes pains by grimace and exaggeration, to exhibit the irritation and annoyance he ought to make apparent only by the effort to suppress them; and C. Mathews, as *Puff*, substitutes pleasantries of his own for Sheridan's witticisms. In the scene of the burlesque this extemporizing, or "gagging," as it is called—(because the actors indulging in it ought to be gagged?)—is allowable; and the buffoonery of the actors is laughable; but the true spirit of burlesque, that of seeming in earnest and unconscious of any ludicrous effect, is not manifest. We must not omit this opportunity of commending the perfect style in which the two scenes of a farce called 'Fashionable Arrivals' are set out: the one of a party assembled at breakfast, the other a conservatory adjoining a drawing-room; but the incidents are stale, improbable, and disagreeable, and the attempt to represent the follies of the day is merely absurd.

Meteors.—On the 26th of August 1839, a splendid meteor was seen towards the shores of Albania near Kontzolaria. It is said to have left behind it a broad fiery track for twenty minutes (seconds?). It was seen by Captain Pellegrines at 9 p.m. On November 9, 1839, at Antigua, a little after daybreak, a concussion was felt in the town, preceded by a sound like the heavy discharge of ordnance. On inquiry, it was found that a brilliant meteor had been seen by some servants and labourers. On the 13th of May 1840, a meteor larger than the full moon was seen at Albany, Boston, Newhaven, Rhode Island; there was a brilliant train left behind, which retained its brightness some seconds, after the main body had become entirely extinct. It exploded with great force.—*Silliman's Journal*.

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Year of Entry.	Sum Assured.	Total Benefit with Vested Additions at 1st Jan. 1845.	Sum payable if Decase takes place after Payment of the Premium due in 1845.
1815	£1000	£1587 4 6	£1000 0 0
1820	1000	1345 4 0	1038 10 0
1825	1000	1259 14 0	1486 1 2
1830	1000	1174 4 0	1338 11 0
1835	1000	1089 0 0	1231 4 0

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25	2 5 6	35	2 10 6	55	5 2 4

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